Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

There is a great outcry in England over the proposal to pension the son and daughter of the Prince of Wales at the public expense. There have been times in the British Islands when radicalism was much more rampant than it now is, when criticism of grants to royalty were more vicious, but there has never been a more beloved sovereign on the throne or one so prolific in children and grandchildren, so exacting or so numerous in his or her demands on the public purse when seeking to provide for numerous children and grandchildren. That so many of the royal offspring have wedded German princes and princelings poverty-stricken in all but pedigree and requiring their entire support from their mother-in-law or grandmamma-in-law has been exasperating to the English people, and this exasperation has been increased by the lordly airs of these pensioners of royal bounty when domesticated in England amongst those who have furnished them the means of subsistence. Indeed England has been irritated up to a point where no more Battenburgs would be tolerated. It is not difficult from the Queen's standpoint to understand that it would be a bad precedent to permit a scion of royalty to marry without asking for a vote from the "faithful Commons." If such a precedent were established royalty of either one or two removes might thereafter open a peanut stand for all the people would care, for England as well as America has become democratic, and the Englishmen who toil can see no reason why the grandson of a king or queen should be exempt from the task of providing for himself. I have no idea that Her Majesty believes that this sort of thing will go on forever. The large hoard she has made is doubtless intended to provide for her family when it becomes impossible to obtain a vote from that "faithful Commons" which has been so often appealed to. It is a question, however, if she is not precipitating that day. Like the Jesuits—I do not mean in the ordinary methods of business but in asking too much—Her Majesty may alarm her subjects, lest in providing for her children and grandchildren they overburden themselves. When the Jesuits made their demand in Lower Canada and had their request granted, they thought they had achieved a signal triumph when, as a matter of fact, they brought upon Roman Catholicism in Canada the most disastrous fight with public opinion it has undergone for a great many years. The greed of gain appears not to be too ignoble to linger in the royal heart, nor does the place of its abiding make it less an object of aversion to those who comprehend the unworthiness of the passion, or feel themselves the victims of it. I dare venture to predict that one of the disadvantages of the long, peaceful and prosperous reign of Queen Victoria will be that she has encumbered the kingdom with too many offspring who are sustained by public money. So large an army of pensioners on the people's bounty are a continual reminder to the vast number of poor who witness royal incomings and outgoings, of the unequal division of that which is produced by toil. It is unfortunate, because popular institutions as well as monarchial ones have their weaknesses, and also entail enormous expenses. But when the people share that which the people have given, they feel that it has been returned unto them, whereas, when the few absorb it without effort or recompense, or even acknowledging that it has been produced by the whole community, it results in jealousy and heartburnings which will not be quieted by any sentiment of love or reverence.

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Now in the summer time when those with and without means for enjoying a holiday are seeking change of pasture and on the lookout for pleasant places for summering, we are involuntarily and frequently introduced to that large and growing class who are well known as Sponges. When Mr. and Mrs. Sponger discuss where they will go they reckon upon their fingers the various people with whom they are acquainted and calculate the chances of having the dog set on them if they have their luggage unloaded before the door of the victim. During the winter and all other unseasonable times they have been importuning their friends to come and stay with them, thoroughly understanding that such an arrangement would be impossible. In the summer they take advantage of this by writing cadging letters and dropping very broad hints as to whether it would be convenient to entertain a few friends passing through the city. Once planted in the house, nothing but smallpox will drive them out. If they have a friend in Muskoka, or at any watering place, they begin the campaign early in March, and get a doubtful invitation about the latter part of May. Before the season fairly sets in, they are on deck and enjoy themselves hugely, though they see their host and hostess worn down and weary doing the work such as is ordinarily done by those who keep summer boarders. Perhaps three or four outfits of Spongers quarter themselves on the same unfortunate family, with no good result to the victim except that one Sponge crowds out another. But Mr. and Mrs. and Miss and Master Sponger can eat, drink and be merry, even though those who are providing the repast look haggard and haunted. They propose, with charming alacrity, many excursions and picnics, the chief part in which is the getting ready of the provender by the victim of their rapacity. The Sponge family will even go so far as to invite guests to the house of their entertainer, in order that the sweet days of June may be more pleasant to themselves, even if they are a little more hideous to their victims.

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The Sponger outfit go out in the country and visit their friends on the farm, calculating to come home towards fall loaded down with fresh butter and eggs and hams and hens as the expiatory offering of those who are glad to get rid of them at any price. Miss Sponger will go out and spread herself on the farm, permit her hostess to wash her white skirts and underwear, starch and iron the same every week in order to enable the aforesaid Miss Sponger to show the country boys how much superior she is in taste to the dowdy country girls who are paying the piper. She will insist on having one of the horses taken away from farm work to haul her selfish little carcass to picnics, calculates on getting all the choice morsels at the table, lies abed till ten o'clock, has to have a special breakfast prepared for her by the women of the house who are already tired enough at that early hour to lie down and die. She thinks it fun to "cut out" the young ladies with whom she is visiting and to capture the affections of the country goslings who have heretofore been admiring the young women who are now employed in doing Miss Sponger's laundry work and preparing her meals. There is nothing so awful in the history of selfishness and laziness and adamantine cheek as the Sponger family on their summer tour, and the titterings which are heard when the Spongers get together are very likely produced by pleasant little reminiscences of the awkwardness or embarrassment of those who are entertaining them. They come without being invited and refuse to go until it is made obvious to them that there is going to be a strike. My advice to people who are afflicted with this sort of person is to kick early in the campaign, freeze them to death the first night, starve them at the inaugural meal, set them at hard labor in the house or in the back yard before they get time to settle themselves down, or if you have no compunction, tell them in cold and clammy speech the fact that you don't intend to be imposed upon. If you do not do it they will be giving directions to the servants and start running the house before nightfall. The shotgun and unchained bulldog or a good big hickory club are all legitimate weapons to be used against the Spongers. They travel on the idea that everybody is glad to see them. They don't really think so. They know they are glad to see no one themselves and they have nothing from which to reason out the presumption that they are welcome anywhere. It is a cold, cruel fact that they don't care whether they are wanted or not. They have not self-respect enough to feel injured if they are not welcomed, and for that reason people upon whom they inflict themselves should have self-respect enough to refuse to tolerate them.

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Hospitality is one of the most beautiful of graces, nor is it confined to civilization. There are few people so barbarous that they will refuse to entertain the passing stranger. There are indeed but few who are rude enough to be tardy in their invitation, but with civilization and the conveniences provided for travelers the duties in this respect are much less difficult. If the hospitality of the frontiersman were to be the rule of conduct in a large city a man would need to have a five-hundred roomed house and the fortune of a Vanderbilt in order to stand the pressure. Out on the edge of civilization where there are no places for the entertainment of the traveler—who is not presumed to be abroad for pleasure—it is felt to be a duty to entertain all who may come whether or not they have money to pay for their food and lodging. Even so, the calls upon them are not numerous, the trouble not great, the expense but trifling. In a city where there are plenty of hotels people do not expect to entertain anyone save those whom they have invited or those who are so near of kin that they have sumed to be abroad for pleasure—it is felt to be a duty to entertain all who may come whether or not they have money to pay for their food and lodging. Even so, the calls upon them are not numerous, the trouble not great, the expense but trifling. In a city where there are plenty of hotels people do not expect to entertain anyone save those whom they have invited or those who are so near of kin that they have a right to a chair at the table and a bed in which to sleep. Nothing is more delightful than to be surrounded by one's friends, chosen because they can entertain while they are being entertained, or because they are loved or are akin to those who have been loved; but if one of the Spongers obtrudes himself or herself into such company the pleasure is at once ruined, for invited and welcome guests realize the fact that one has come who is a bore and a burden, and to sensitive people with this knowledge comes a questioning of their own status, their doubts, uneasiness, and an excuse for departure. It is not what the Sponge consumes or the space that he or she occupies, it is the miserable effect on everybody else which must rank as the chief offence. Do not think because I write this that I am inhospitable, for it is not so. I like my friends, I like them to come and see me and feel perfectly at home, and everything I have I am willing, in reason, to divide with them, but I want to do the inviting myself, up to a point where an established friendship makes an invitation unnecessary. I am writing this for hospitality's sake, and with the hope of encouraging downtrodden people to kick and help exterminate that pestiferous guest, The Sponge.

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It is seldom that any movement for the city's good is so general and unanimous as the one inaugurated by Mr. W. R. Brock for reclaiming the city's water front. Like many other corporations the railway companies have been asking for so much, and, depending upon public apathy, have seized so much, that at last they have reached the point where alarm bells have been rung and all the citizens are prepared to make an organized resistance. While it is the rule with the majority of business people to take all they can get one can hardly blame railway corporations for their rapacity when we remember that the machinery for obtaining grants from the city has been so easily worked, while those whose duty it has been to restrain plunderers and watch the public interest, have been so easily persuaded, or have slept so soundly on duty, that no persuasion was necessary. In the early days of Toronto, and of Canadian railways, the railway was greater than the city. It could make and unmake towns, and it became the municipal fashion to be exuberantly generous in order to obtain the good will of a railway. Cities not only failed to guard their interests when obtaining a railroad connection, but were willing to pay enormous sums for the privilege of being railway centers. Beginning on this plan it is not wonderful that far-sighted railway men seized as much as they could, obtained absurdly broad agreements, pretended to have obtained grants which were entirely mythical, but to which now, after so many years, they seem to have a possessory title. But in their efforts to entrench themselves, the railways have not even confined themselves to that which they pretend they have purchased, or that which it is alleged has been granted, but claim the right to take anything they please within gun shot of their line if it suits their convenience, offering no better excuse than that it is necessary for them, custom having always permitted them to act in that way, and urging that if their unreasonable requests are not acceded to they will discriminate against the locality. As it is true there was a time when railways were not so powerful so it is true now that Toronto has become too populous and too influential to submit to any such brigandish laws. New railroads are now seeking to obtain entrance to Toronto, the latest competitor being the New York Central, one of the most powerful corporations in the world. The Delaware and Lackawanna is also endeavoring to have direct communication with this city. Toronto is the distributing point for Ontario and is rapidly becoming the commercial metropolis of Canada. As westward the tide of empire takes its way, so increases Toronto's greatness. It has now become the Chicago of Canada. As no western railway can be constructed without a Chicago connection, so no eastern road is now properly established without having access to Toronto.

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Toronto is not ungrateful to the roads that are already at her door, but she does not propose to let them prevent other railroads obtaining entrance. Whenever a new railroad endeavored to get into Toronto there was a fight with the Grand Trunk which pretended to own the entire Esplanade. Even the C. P. R. had great difficulty in obtaining entrance, only succeeding a few years ago by acquiring the Credit Valley, which in its time had a desperate fight to get in. The Toronto rights of a railroad are one of its greatest assets. The city, realizing this, proposes to find out if the community owns any rights which may be considered a civic asset. If the Citizens' Committee which has just been formed begins to investigate, many railroad claims which have been lazily admitted will be found to be spurious. If it be decided that a viaduct is necessary to Toronto's progress and the safety of life and property even the admitted rights of the railways will have to yield. The same power which enables a railroad to appropriate land necessary for its use can be enforced to the extent of appropriating railroad property which is necessary for the public use. The citizens who have taken this matter in hand are business men. They have no fight with the railways, indeed the city as a whole hopes for the success, and is willing to do everything reasonable for the convenience of carriers by land and water, for upon them largely depends the commercial progress of the city. I believe too, that if the railroads are brought face to face with this problem and a determined people they will accept the inevitable and assist to carry out a scheme whereby the whole of Toronto's water front will be transformed from a dingy death trap to a beautiful and well organized esplanade. How different from what it now is will be the approach to the city when one is greeted by a line of trees, pleasant walks and cleanly wharves! All this will be accomplished if the viaduct is built, and instead of a crowd of people waiting for a train to pass before they can get to or from a boat, or rushing pell mell across a network of iron, they can proceed comfortably and safely to their destination. The magnitude of the benefit is being appreciated and the greatness of the expense will not deter thoughtful people from giving all the assistance possible to the scheme.

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The Citizens' Association, managed on proper lines, will have many other uses. Philadelphia has its Committee of One Hundred, whose influence in civic elections is almost final; and, so far, it has not been used except to the city's advantage. The Philadelphia committee places a municipal ticket in the field, the candidates are selected from amongst the most capable and honest men, and they are almost invariably elected. It is time that Toronto had such an organization. Her interests have outgrown the village methods of to day, and if the public will but recognize and assist in the work of the committee, which is not intended to be a carping and criticizing affair like the old Property Owners' Association, great and much-needed reforms will be brought about.

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The picayune spirit in which criticism of public men is very often made is well exemplified by the row the *Telegram* is making because Mayor Clarke, after the successful accomplishment of his mission to England, has seen fit to take a few weeks in which to familiarize himself with municipal work in the Old Countries. It is possible Mayor Clark may be enjoying himself and adding a great deal of pleasure to a little business, but the citizens do not begrudge him his brief holiday because they remember his untiring labor during the year and a half which preceded it, when his whole time, night and day was devoted to the city's interests. We cannot expect faithful service to be performed if it is met by such ignoble and ungrateful mud throwing.

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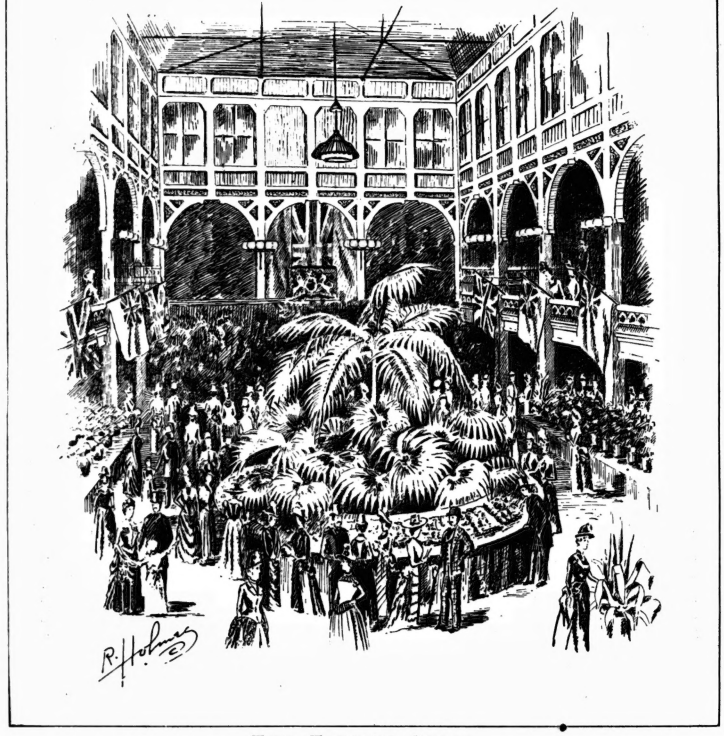
The death of the Hon. Timothy Blair Pardee removes from Ontario politics the shrewdest and most far-sighted of our provincial politicians. With a knowledge of human nature possessed by few he was the engineer who made run smoothly the party machinery which is already creaking loudly since his skilled hand has been removed. Now that the sods cover his coffin we see the usual spectacle of those who opposed him during life going in mourning because of his death. The kind words which were refused him in his lifetime by his opponents are being spoken with a sincerity which, were he alive, would encourage him to a patriotism perhaps greater than he exemplified when in office. Is it to be wondered that a man is a partisan and looks to his party rather than to his country for applause when the smallest meed of praise is withheld from him until his heart cannot be warmed by words of encouragement? No doubt it will always be so but there will never be a race of broad-minded patriots while it is so. Only the strongest men, men of supreme ability, and calm and conscious courage, will dare to lose the praise of a faction and at the same time risk the enmity of their opponents by being independent and purely patriotic. The need of praise which makes an industrious and honest lad out of the careless school-boy would, if given by the people to their statesmen, purify politics, and make brave and useful leaders out of those who now are forced into scheming and corruption in order to retain power. Suspicion rather than evil tendencies is to blame for driving honest men to vice and crime. In politics the reform in this matter must come from the people. While two factions oppose each other in a legislature, nothing can be done, but when independence is permitted in the constituencies it will have



THE FLOWER SHOW.

some chance of asserting itself in parliament.

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Following is a list of contributions received for the Babies' Fresh Air Fund. They are not as numerous as I had hoped for, but this acknowledgment will doubtless bring to mind the worthiness of the object and next week give me an opportunity of publishing a much longer list. This week the most of the contributions are large. I would rather have seen one hundred and fifty letters containing a dime each than three containing five dollars, though, of course, the hundred and fifty with five dollars each would have been still better:

A. H.	$5 00
J. W. B.	2 00
M. M. Whitcraf	2 00
R. B. S.	1 00
A friend of children	5 00
L.	50
Employees of B. Spain	2 00
B. B.	50
C. C. P.	50
Total	$18 50

"The Little Ones' Friends" send a letter, but there was no money enclosed.

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Following is a letter from Mr. J. J. Kelso, treasurer of the fund, which will afford an opportunity of judging how much good can be done with a little money. Just think, that $5 will send fifty children away for a day's outing! How could you give so much pleasure in any other way by the expenditure of $5? If you only send 10 cents, remember that it gives a child a day's enjoyment, perhaps a fresh lease of life. The idea suggested by Mr. Kelso of obtaining some ground and building cottages where these poor youngsters can have a good time, is an excellent one, and should receive the most generous support of the public:

DEAR SIR,—I noticed with a good deal of pleasure your kind reference to the Children's Fresh Air movement in the last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, and feel that I ought to thank you on behalf of the children, though of course it is unnecessary for me to do so, seeing that everyone has a right to take an interest in the little ones who have to suffer for the vice or poverty of their parents.

That good work is done by the Fresh Air Fund is, I think, beyond all doubt. I often wish that everybody could see, as I have, the great pleasure and happiness that it brought to those little hearts, many of them accustomed only to abuse and toil and neglect, by a day in the country under charge of good-hearted mission workers. We have taken out mothers, too, who had not been on a similar trip in twelve and ten years, and who were beginning to think that such things were over for them.

Apropos of what you have already published, I might state that $5 pays the entire expenses of taking twenty-six children to one of the lake side parks, and giving them two meals and all the milk they can drink. We have a large number of small excursions, seventy-five to one hundred children, and four $5 subscriptions pay the day's expenses.

On the large general trips where we take seven hundred children from all over the city to some resort on the lake and a plentiful supply of refreshments, the cost is about $70, or 10 cents per child.

We are at present thinking of securing a piece of ground somewhere on the lake front near the city, and establishing a children's summer home and picnic grounds. We would then be able to give delicate people a week or fortnight in the country, and by making special arrangements we could have weekly excursions to our own grounds, fitted up with swings, etc., and provided with different games for the diversion of the youngsters. At present we have some difficulty, as managers of summer resorts are afraid to take our excursions, lest it should hurt their other business.

Trusting you will not find this letter tiresome, I remain yours sincerely,

J. J. KELSO.

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The discussion anent Sunday street cars is increasing in volume and, I am sorry to see, somewhat in bitterness. All those who oppose this service are not necessarily fanatics or hypocrites. The majority of them are honest, but I hate to see people frightened by a spook. Many opponents of Sunday street cars imagine that beer gardens, open stores, noisy factories will be the next step, with drunkenness, debauchery and ruin to follow later on. Now this is purely imaginary. There are fewer places where liquor is sold in Toronto now than there were ten years ago, though the population has largely increased. What is the reason? Public sentiment has been educated up to the point of believing that the liquor traffic should be restricted, and it has been restricted accordingly. Artisans and mechanics work fewer hours now than they did ten years ago. Why? Because the workingmen have been educated up to the point of understanding that it is not the number of hours they work which brings riches to themselves or their employers, and that leisure is necessary both to their happiness and their progress. Street car horses work fewer hours now than they did ten years ago. Why? Because their owners find it more profitable to take care of their horses than to kill them by overwork. These are but a few examples showing the progress of public sentiment towards more rest and shorter hours of labor. If the street cars were run on Sunday the horses would not work an hour longer because it would not pay the street car company to so arrange their programme. I will not deny that men might be forced to work more hours, if it were possible, but the by-law which permits cars to run on Sunday can stipulate that men shall not work more than sixty hours per week, which I believe, is about the time they have to labor at present. I think such a stipulation to be absolutely necessary to protect the men. But with that clause it would be quite safe. Now can anyone tell me what reasonable connection there is between Sunday street cars and beer gardens? We have a law prohibiting beer gardens, prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sundays, and it will not be interfered with. Public sentiment would not permit it. Regard for the public good would prevent any respectable journal or public speaker from suggesting it. With due deference to those who are so very earnest, and in some instances so extremely acid, on this question, I venture to suggest that a little more tolerance would not weaken their presentation of the case. In these matters we have to rely on public sentiment, not on city by-laws.

"Of all the ills that human-kind endure,
That part is small which laws can cause or cure."

As I said last week, with a street car service, I believe fewer men and horses would be employed on Sundays in Toronto than are working under the present restrictions, and thousands more people would be benefited. It is not a movement in the direction of more Sunday work, but that Sunday labor and inconvenience be decreased.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The Toronto Electoral Society held its annual exhibition in the Pavilion on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon and evening, and thousands took advantage of the opportunity to view again this most beautiful and interesting of all our annual exhibitions. The display this year is considered ahead of any previous exhibition, and as the Society's motto seems to be "Onward and Upward," it will not be long till the Flower Fete of Toronto will aspire to the lavish floral efforts and gorgeous luxuriance which characterized the Parisian *bataille des fleurs* described in SATURDAY NIGHT last week.

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The excellent sketch of the Pavilion with its treasures of garden and conservatory published on another page, conveys a better idea of the flower show than half a column of description could give. One has but to imagine the deep green of the foliage and the variegated hues and tints of the delicately-petalled blossoms, to understand the beauty of the scene. The tall ferns and palms add to the gentler beauty of the garden an air of the wild luxuriance of the tropics. The display is a credit to the taste of those who arranged the grouping of the plants as well as to the skill which produced such rare, beautiful, often delicate specimens of vegetable life. The specimens of fruit shown were large and luscious, and tempting enough to allure the most delicate epicure in that line.

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The flowers exercised their fascinating power on the ladies, and I saw many a "Proserpine among the flowers, herself a fairer flower." The flower show is much like an oasis in a desert to those who have not betaken themselves to "the lands where the woodbine twineth," and still remain in the city. They certainly all took advantage of it, and I saw many who had come in from resorts near town to see the brilliant display, to hear the band play and have a chat with their friends. The Queen's Own Band, with Mr. Bayley winding the baton was present both evenings and played excellent selections. No more pleasing way of spending a summer evening, when not too warm, could be devised than to sit in the gallery of the Pavilion, listen to the music and watch the restless throng below, as they study and comment on the floral treasures spread before them.

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The third weekly concert and dance of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association last Saturday evening called the Pop and Hop, went off with complete success. The programme was well arranged to suit the occasion. The club house was more than filled, showing the interest and enjoyment taken in it. Bishop Sweatman again favored the association by taking the chair, and after a few remarks from his Lordship the programme of music was entered upon. The following took part: Mrs. Agnes Thomson, and Messrs. Walter Stewart, J. F. Thomson, Grant Stewart, W. S. Andrews, and Louis Bacque, accompanist. Mrs. Thomson and Mr. Grant Stewart kept the audience in a continuous laugh during their clever singing of the Man and Scholar; an encore was quickly called. The second feature of the evening was dancing. Apropos, of the name Pop and Hop his Lordship committed a joke. After speaking of the cheerful influence of the "hop" apparent and to be looked forward to, he said he would leave the "pop" to be dealt with by the dancers. This question is perhaps one of the probable developments. The evening was most enjoyably spent. Great credit is due to those who made it so, with the preceding concerts, and who are very busy now making ready for the water carnival. The following were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson, Capt. Murray, Mr. Small, Mr. J. Ambrey, Mr. E. McRae, Miss R. Wade, Mr. Hutcheson, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. Lownds, Mr. Fred Gray, the Misses Mason of Barrie, the Misses Dixon, Miss Lowndes, Mr. Mickle, Miss Bostwick, Mr. W. S. Andrews, Mr. Walter Stewart of Winnipeg, Mr. F. Mason, Mr. Denison and others.

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Mrs. Richard Harrison and Miss Cecy Harrison left for New Brunswick recently to spend a few weeks at the seaside.

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Miss Nellie Wilson of Ontario street has returned home after spending a very pleasant week at Mead's on the Island, the guest of Mrs. G. W. King.

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Miss Babe Pollock has gone to Hill Head, Lachute, Quebec, for the summer.

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Mrs. Scott Siddons, during her recent professional visit to Gananoque, became enraptured with the magnificent scenery of the Thousand Islands. The result is that she has rented an island for the season, nearly opposite the above mentioned town, and is now residing thereon. She will remain till she opens her season in September.

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The following guests are registered at Penisular Park Hotel: Mr. and Mrs. J. F. M. Macfarlane and family, Mr. Charles Reid and family, Mr. P. Jamieson and family, Mr. John E. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. J. McKay, Mrs. Tripp, Mr. D. A. McKillop, Mr. Jos. B. Reid and family, Wm. Lount, Q. C., Rev. R. C. Caswell, Miss Poingdestre, Mr. S. E. Murrick, Mrs. Rupert and daughters, Mrs. W. R. Bingham and son, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Clark and family, Mr. John Poucher and family, Mrs. Alex. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron and family, Dr. T. C. Schofield of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sandford and family, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Montgomery, Mr. Bailey and family, Mrs. T. D. McConkey, Mrs. C. H. Rop, Miss Stevenson, Mr. A. E. Dyment of Barrie, Miss Ina McKay of Orangeville, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Anderson of Eglinton, Mr. H. Fraser of Sault Ste. Marie, Rev. Otho and Miss Croft of Streetsville, Miss J. L. Howard of Sutton West, Mr. L. Atkinson of Newmarket, Dr. Foster of Bradford, Miss Plummer of Montreal.

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Mr. J. T. McKillop is spending his holidays at Orchard Beach.

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The Long Branch At Home which was postponed last Friday night on account of rain, took place on Tuesday evening, and was one of the most successful affairs of the season. Over two thousand guests were present. The resort was illuminated with ousands of Chinese lanterns hung among the trees, which gave the place the appearance of an enchanted garden when seen from the water. The summer costumes of the residents and their guests added a picturesque feature to the scene and gave the entertainment a delightful air of unceremoniousness. In the Pavilion Claxton's band furnished music for dancing which the coolness of the evening admitted of with a degree of comfort. Anderson's and Heintzman's bands also furnished music. The reception committee, composed of Messrs. Richardson, Booth, Banfield, Lyon, Wellington, Allen, Tomlinson, Kelso, Mills, Dixon, Geddes, Somerville, Millar and Rutter, are to be congratulated on the successful result of their first At Home.

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The following ladies and gentlemen are summering at Mr. Minetti's favorite resort, Clevelands, Lake Rosseau: Mr. Æmelius Baldwin, with his two little daughters, Muriel and Gladys; Mr. Russell Baldwin, Mrs. Ross Baldwin, Masters St. George and Gussie Baldwin, Miss Phœbe Baldwin, baby and nurse; Miss Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cook, Master W. A. McMichael Cook, baby and nurse; Mrs. Buchan and the Misses Buchan, Mrs. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Lovel, Master Rupert Lovel; Miss Brown, Miss Semple, Miss Smith, Mrs. Spotton of Barrie, Mr. W. H. B. Spotton, B. A., Miss Spotton, Mrs. Yates, Miss Florence Haworth, Miss O'Hara, Mr. Spence, Mr. and Mrs. Dick, and Miss Webber. The gentlemen are loud in their praises of the fishing, a ten-pound salmon or a four-pound bass causing little excitement and no wonder. The sands of the bathing beach have great attraction for the ladies, who, nymph-like, in their bright-colored costumes, still resort to the raft. The early evening hours are rendered joyous by the strains of music, and the young people court Terpsichore. The bracing atmosphere is conducive to appetites that need no sauce. It is whispered that some of the guests have gained in weight two pounds a week, so bountifully does our host provide.

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Rev. Dr. Armstrong of Mooretown, recently elected chaplain of Grand Lodge, A. F. & A. M., is very popular with the fraternity, and it is said intends to make his position the means of doing a good work which has not heretofore been attempted by any incumbent of the office.

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Mrs. Alex. Nairn, Miss Aggie Nairn, Miss Carrie Nairn and Miss Jean Thomson leave for Windermere, Muskoka, next week.

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Mrs. Henry B. Sawle of Caledonia, who is staying for a week or two with Mr. J. McArthur Griffith at The Cottage, Metcalf street, was at the Long Branch At Home.

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Mrs. J. S. Thatcher of Dallas, Texas, with her sister, Miss Adams of Chicago is spending the summer with Mrs. Day of Jarvis street.

*

The following are at Maplehurst Hotel, Muskoka: Mr. F. Warren, Mr. J. T. Swift, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Brown, of Toronto: Mr. W. R. Gibbons of Coldwater, Ont., the Misses Gibbons of London, Eng., Miss Priming, Mrs. Hoare, Mr. John Sycamore, Mr. W. H. Seymour, of Toronto; Mr. K. D. Bishop and family of Cleveland, O., Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Miss Bates, of Toronto; Mrs. and Miss Samson, Mrs. Mizner, of Detroit; Mrs. John Burns, Mr. John Burns, jr., of Toronto; Mr. D. W. Clendenan and family of West Toronto Junction, Mrs. R. H. Green and Miss Lyla Green of Hamilton, Mr. E. C. Rutherford of Toronto.

*

It was incorrectly announced last week that Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Taylor were spending the summer at Halifax, N. S. It should have read at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

*

The following list gives the names of some of those who have enjoyed the Muskoka breezes at Monteith House: Mrs. and Miss Brother hard, of Stratford, Messrs. A. E. Doherty, Wm. Thompson, J. G. Gibson, L. P. Meyerve, T. J. Musgrave of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. David Spry and Mr. W. Smith, of Barrie; Mr. and Mrs. H. Fortier, Mr. A. H. Cassels, Mr. J. Welker, Mr. R. Welker, Mr. T. L. Morison, Mrs. Morison, Miss E. Morison, Miss McDermid, Mrs. Harris, Mr. Hass, Mrs. Young, Mr. Donald, of Toronto; Mr. R. A. Morrison of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. John Challen of Brantford, and Mr. W. H. Otter of Barrie.

*

Mrs. Alick Wilkie and family, also her sister, Mrs. J. Warren Reid and family of Ottawa, are at Niagara-on-the-Lake for the summer.

*

Mr. Henry Brock of Upper Canada College has rented Mr. LeFevre's house at Stoney Lake, Lakefield, and is spending the summer there with his family.

*

St. Mary's Church, Bathurst street, will hold a garden party on Civic Holiday, in their grounds, corner of King and Bathurst streets. Proceeds are in aid of the building fund of the new church.

*

Mr. Fred Teviotdale has gone to Muskoka for a month's fishing.

*

Mr. Maurice J. Taylor and Miss Florence Taylor are doing the continent, and when last heard from were sojourning at Bingen on the Rhine.

*

Miss Linda Conbay has returned home from the Oshawa Ladies' College, where she has just graduated.

*

Among the saloon passengers sailing from New York last Thursday, for Europe, per State of Nebraska, was Mrs. J. M. Crowly, wife of the principal of Toronto Business College. Mrs. Crowly will visit England, Ireland and Scotland and the Paris Exposition. She goes principally to benefit her health and will remain the greater part of three months at her mother's home in Scotland.

She Could Talk About Something Else.

Irate Husband—For heaven's sake, can't you talk about something besides dresses?

Wife—Certainly, my dear. You ought to see the bonnets they are making nowadays at Smith's. I stepped in to-day and saw a beautiful thing in pink for only $37, and others were of course a good deal more expensive. A $50 gem just took my eye, but I thought I wouldn't get one that cost as much as that before I saw you. Of course I can talk about something besides dresses, you dear old hubby.

Out of Town.

BELLEVILLE.

Mr. John Grier of Chicago, the son of a former rector here, paid a short visit to Mr. W. N. Ponton this week.

Miss Grier, lady principal of the Church School, Toronto, and Miss Patton of Winnipeg are the guests of Miss Grace Ponton at Sidney Cottage.

Miss Mary Falkiner of Ballyrickard has returned from her trip to Hamilton and Toronto.

Mrs. Ridley of Ottawa and her little boys are visiting her sisters, the Misses Murney, at Adjidanmo.

Rev. S. Daw, rector of Christ Church, has returned to his duties with renewed health and vizor after his short holiday trip.

Mrs. Janney of St. Paul, Mo., is the guest of the Misses Starling.

Mr. Harry Parker of Molsons Bank, Morrisburg, is spending his holidays here with his parents.

Mr. W. H. H. Ponton, son of Mr. W. H. Ponton, has obtained an appointment in the Dominion Bank here.

Messrs. George Wallbridge, Harry Biggar, and Campbell and Gavin Wallbridge of Upper Canada College, Toronto, are home for the holidays.

A most enjoyable evening was spent at a progressive euchre party, given by Mr. and Mrs. Stork, of the Bank of Commerce, on the 16th inst. Mrs. Willie Northrup took the first lady's prize, a Japanese sahre and three vases; Dr. Cook won the first gentleman's prize, a handsome thermometer; lady's progressive prize, Miss Emily Chandler, a handsome china sauce; gentleman's booby progressive prize, Mr. Willie Northrup, a little jewel case; lady's booby prize, "intended to console the booby," Miss Chandler, a box of candies; gentleman's booby prize, Col. Lazier, a pack of cards.

Miss Edith Simpson gave a little impromptu dance on Friday evening to the young ladies visiting Mrs. J. P. Thomas. Only a small number were present, but they enjoyed themselves immensely.

Mr. H. Simpson of Hastings was in town on Friday.

Mr. Fred Quay has gone to Port Hope to spend part of his holidays at home.

The pretty Misses Pearson of Belleville are quite an attraction at the Everett Hotel, Old Orchard.

Mrs. Terrill and Miss Edith Terrill leave for Thousand Island Park this week.

The sailing yacht Oneta has been re-christened and refitted by her owners, Messrs. Corby and Carman. Some nice trips are already being planned by pleasant family parties.

MOUNT FOREST.

At the recent examination in connection with the Mount Forest High School musical department, three medals were awarded to the successful competitors. First gold medal for senior instrumental class, presented by Mrs. Thomas, won by Miss B. McGlough. Silver medal for junior instrumental class, presented by Miss Kate Strong, won by Miss Lillie Morrison. Gold medal for sight singing, presented by Miss Marie Strong, won by Miss G. King. Miss Nellie McHardy, gold medalist of Whitby College, was the competent examiner of the instrumental music. Mr. A. McKechnie and Miss H. Whelpley proved most satisfactory judges of the sight singing. The department, embracing both vocal and instrumental music, is the only one in Canada in connection with a high school, and was organized five years ago. Miss M. C. Strong, who sang so successfully at our recent musical convention, was the first teacher in the musical department; she was succeeded three years ago by her sister, Miss Kate Strong, the popular teacher.

Rev. R. S. Radcliffe of East Saginaw, Mich., is the guest of his brother, Rev. E. Radcliffe.

A quiet wedding took place in St. Paul's Church on July 11, when Miss Madeline, youngest daughter of Mr. H. Jelley, was married to Mr. Brought, English master, Kingston Collegiate Institute.

Mr. Hagarty, principal of Mount Forest High School, accompanied by Mrs. Hagarty, left last week to spend their vacation in the east.

The Misses Strong are spending their holidays at Fairmount Place, Paisley, with their sister, Mrs. W. Flood.

AYLMER.

Mr. W. J. Tremeaar of the law firm of Stevens & Tremeaar, is enjoying a holiday trip at New York and other cities.

Mrs. Enos Scott is spending a few days visiting friends in New York State.

Messrs. D. H. Price, D. C. Davis, Alex. Gloner, W. S. Caron and J. E. Black left on Monday to spend a fortnight at Long Point.

Mr. Eugene Davis of the Traders' Bank is rusticating at Port Rowan.

Mr. W. W. Rutherford, head master of the High School, is in Toronto acting as examiner of the first, second and third class paper of the High School. He will be absent about a month.

Miss Louise Hillis is visiting friends in Detroit at present.

Mr. Dresser of Rock Spring, Wyoming Territory, accompanied by his wife and family, are in town spending a few days with friends.

Messrs. Fred and Jas. Tufford, who have been spending the past two weeks at Port Rowan, returned on Monday last.

Mr. Alex. Glover, son of 'Squire W. O. Glover, is home from Chattanooga, Tenn., to spend the summer months in this cooler clime.

Miss Lida Hutchinson is spending a few days visiting friends in Detroit, Mich.

Mr. H. H. DeCew of this place is in Detroit visiting friends this week.

Messrs. James Wrong and William McCausland of Toronto, are spending a few days with friends and relatives in this town.

PORT SANDFIELD, MUSKOKA.

This season far surpasses any in this beautiful part of Muskoka, and is so thoroughly appreciated that the capacity of the Prospect House is filled to the utmost. It is undoubtedly one of the most popular resorts on the lakes, and there is no lack of entertainment; every evening there is some amusement. This week there has been a spelling match, at which Mr. McAndrews, M.P.P., secured the prize, and on Wednesday last a most successful regatta in the afternoon, winding up with a concert, in which the following ladies and gentlemen took part: Miss Jessie Alexander, Miss Hirschfelder and Mrs. Saunders of Toronto, Mr. and Miss Roberts of New York, Mr. Kleiser and others; the chair was taken by ex-Ald. Morrison; the hall and verandas were filled to the utmost, and the frequent encores spoke volumes for the talent displayed. Thursday is the regular weekly hop, which is always largely attended by the islanders. I should not forget that Monday next is to be the day of the grand regatta which is one of the events of the season, among the many guests that are enjoying themselves here are: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McAndrews, Mr. and Mrs. Aronsberg, Miss Jessie Alexander, Messrs. E. Restall, H. Cassells, R. D. Fairbairn, R. C. Donald, Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams and family, Miss Clair, Mrs. Jas. McDonald, Miss M. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Young and family, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. and Miss Barnett, Mrs. F. A. and Miss Ball, Mrs. Harris and family, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Brown, Mrs. John Morrison and family, Miss McDermid, Messrs. E. Dwyer, S. Haas, R. O'Brien, G. P. Kleiser, A. H. Cassels, Duncan Donald, R. A. Morrison, Jos. Walker, W. McTavish, J. M. Whitwurth, Miss Anderson, Mr. J. M., Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder, ex-Ald. Morrison, Mrs. Morrison and family, Mrs. and the Misses Crawford, Miss Henderson, Miss Eakin, Messrs. C. P. Marshall, Wm. Pinkerton, and George Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Anderson and family, Miss M. Greene, Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Peuchen and family of Toronto, R. W. Simpson and wife of Montreal, W. W. Carter and family, L. A. Armstrong, Mrs. W. T. Larned and family, Mrs. Nachall, of St. Louis, Miss Jennie Larned, Miss Bertha Larned of Philadelphia, Mr. F. B., Mrs. and Miss Palmer, Mr. F. N. Jewett of Predonia, N. Y., John S. Wright and daughters of Rochester, N. Y., Miss Lowery of Albion, N. Y., Wm. Mitchell of London, Eng., the Misses Hobson of Hamilton, the Rev. Rural Dean Lloyd of Huntsville, Mr. Chas. Roberts and family of New York City, Mr. Wm. Brotherhood and family of Stratford, the Misses Holt of Quebec, Mr. S. H. Gray of Brampton, Mr. John M. King of Winnipeg.

The Shah of Persia.

He Was Getting It.

At one of the towns below Rochester a woman and her nurse and child got aboard, and it wasn't long before the child, who was a boy of three, began to act up. The mother paid no attention to him whatever, not even when he began to kick and bite, strike and squall. All the passengers soon agreed that the young autocrat was in sore need of a spanking, but the mother had her nose in a novel and the nurse didn't want to take the responsibility. By and by an old man, who had been suffering with headache, could stand it no longer, and he leaned up and whispered to the nurse:

"Why don't you give that young'un a good pounding?"

"Kape shtill, yer honor," she replied with a wink. "I've got four pins shticking into his body already, and in a minute or two I'll have thray or four more."—*Detroit Free Press.*

No Stranger.

Lady (to Biddy)—But I told you to admit no strangers.

Biddy—He swore his name was Smith, and he's in the parlor.

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Engagement or Birthday Present

One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on front-back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.

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WATCHES

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The Story of an African Farm.

In closing this remarkable book, I cannot call it a novel, as the plot is not sufficiently astounding for such an appellation, I lay it down with a sigh. In the author's preface to the second edition she remarks: "Dealing with a subject that is far removed from the round of English daily life, it of necessity lacks the charm that hangs about the ideal representation of familiar things." I sincerely hope the author will pardon me for presuming to differ from her there.

We are tired, ennui, (I speak for the Canadian public) of the ideal representation of familiar things.

The nineteenth century reading public thirst for knowledge. History certainly supplies us to a certain extent with that knowledge, books of travel still more enlighten us as to the lives and habits of people living in foreign countries, but what more fascinating path to clearly understanding middle class life in Africa could we have than is portrayed in Olive Schreiner's book, The Story of an African Farm? What Rider Haggard has laid before us in his book Jess, in a vast number of superfluous words, and in a multitude of pages, that has Olive Schreiner written for us in a few brief lines. For instance, where she begins her story, can you not see clearly her description? "The full African moon poured down its light from the blue sky into the wide, lonely plain; the dry, sandy earth with its coating of stunted, narrow bushes a few inches high, the low hills that skirted the plain, the milk bushes, with their long, finger-like leaves—as I were touched by a weird and amost oppressive beauty as they lay in the white light." What more graphic picture of an African plain, as we imagine it to be, could we have than this? And so it is with the rest of her book.

The motive of the book seems to be this: In that lonely land, and more particularly in farm life, where of necessity education and culture must be of scant description, thoughts would obtrude themselves that could not find vent amongst the youth of better-situated countries. And in the case of Waldo, what more pathetic, and even tragic, than his groping after religious truths—his half-crazed prayers to the Almighty for enlightenment, and after all his mental agony, the inevitable result in indifference?

The death of his father I consider to be one of the most pathetic scenes portrayed—indeed for pure pathos I think it equal to Charles Dickens' death-bed of Little Nell. Olive Schreiner says here: "But quiet as all places were, there was a peculiar quiet in the German's room, though you strained your ear most carefully you caught no sound of breathing." One feels the presence of death in this short passage, although it is not spoken of, and then again in further alluding to him she says: "So it smoothed out the wrinkles that were in the old forehead and fixed the passing smile and sealed the eyes that they might not weep again, and then the short space of time was melted into the long, long sleep of eternity." So graphically is this described that we forget that it is merely part of a story and find ourselves wishing that when the wings of "Azrael" overshadow us he may come just so gently.

In the character of Bucnaparte Blenkins, I am sorry to say, is found a very familiar type of the *genus homo*. His frequent allusions to the Almighty do not strike us as blasphemy, being so intensely ludicrous.

The low characters who appear and disappear I consider drawn with wonderful clearness. The author has such a vigorous way of describing her characters that we feel we have seen and known just such people in ordinary life. No unnecessary time is taken up in portraying these characters, and I think that this is where the extraordinary genius of Olive Schreiner lies.

In the person of the first character she describes him in these few lines: "The world said of him, the omnipotent, all-seeing world, whom no locks can bar, who has the cat-like propensity of seeing best in the dark, the world said that better than books he loved the brandy, and better than books and brandy that which it had been better had he loved less. "But for the world he cared nothing, he smiled blandly in its teeth. All life is a dream. If wine, philosophy and women keep the dream from becoming a nightmare, so much the better." Who has not seen the vicious, conscienceless man of the world?

The character of Lyndall is a complex one, though we can understand her wish to leave her dull surroundings, her mental growth, her wonderfully true ideas of the position of women of the present day, still it seems slightly incongruous when she refuses to marry the man she loves because she loves him and so legitimatize the birth of their child, whose grave she sends out her cloak to cover, lest the rain fall on it, she lying on her own deathbed meanwhile. Lyndall's remarks on the general position of women have the novelty of originality even if slightly exaggerated. We will make one or two quotations here. She is speaking to Waldo, on her return from school where she has been for four years and a half and we may remark here that Lyndall delivers herself of some rather satirical remarks anent ladies' schools. Speaking of women, she says: "But this one thought stands—never goes. If I might but be one of those born in the future, then, perhaps, to be born a woman will not be to be born branded." Then again, and how true this: "But what does it help, a little bitterness, a little longing when we are young, a little futile searching for work, a little passionate striving for the exercise of our powers, and then we go with the drove," but Lyndall, whom we love, did not go with the drove. Her independent, original opinions ended in disaster.

In another place she says: "We were equal once when we lay new born babes on our nurses' knees, we will be equals again when they tie up our jaws for the last sleep," and I think the majority of women will agree with her when she says: "It is delightful to be a woman, but every man devoutly thanks the Lord that he isn't one."

I advise all readers to read this book, not so much to see the internal construction of affairs in African life, as from an intelligent wish to follow the author in the subtle delineation of her characters, all of whom are faithfully worked out with that care which only a great genius has to bestow. There is really no moral to be drawn from the tale. The only one of her characters who comes out unscathed is the old Boer woman, ignorant and hideously unamiable, more beast than woman, she sails to the front and is likely to live forever. The moral inconsistency in this leads one to doubt somewhat in the manner of Lyndall, and we close the book and think, with one of Dickens' characters, "that it's all muddle."

MARIE STUART.

July 11, '89.

Woman's Career.

She was a fair girl graduate, enrobed in spotless white,
And on her youthful features shone a look of holy light.
She bent with grace her dainty head to receive the ribbon blue,
Whence hung the silver medal, adjudged to be her due.
I watched her face with rapture as she raised to heaven her eyes,
And moved her lips in prayer as her fingers clasped the prize,
For I knew to education she had pledged her coming days,
To unclasp poor woman's fetters, and free her from man's ways.

Time passed. Our pathways parted, but ever and anon,
My thoughts would stray toward her, and I speculate upon
What my graduate was doing, if athwart the scroll of fame,
Among unselfish workers, had been written high her name.
At last I chanced to meet her, but her looks were pushed aside,
While around a dainty garment she sewed the lace with pride,
And at her feet her baby, dimpled happy crowing youth,
Upon that silver medal was cutting his first tooth.

—N. Y. Life.

Musicians and Matrimony.

Bacon tells us that "the best works and those of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from unmarried or childless men." That seems to be only partially true of the great composers, some of whom have been very much married. The great Sebastian Bach was twice wed, and had a united family of no fewer than twenty children. He was the very model of a paterfamilias, fond of home, and hardly ever absent from his own fireside. He was never outside his native country, and the appointments which he held during his lifetime were all in towns, only separated from each other by a short distance. His second wife appears to have been of great service to him in his professional work. She both sang and played; and she had, besides, a beautiful hand for copying music, and constantly helped her husband in the laborious work of writing out his compositions. He gave her lessons on the harpsichord frequently, and wrote a good deal of music for her to play.

Mozart's reasons for marrying, though quaintly put, are unanswerable—viz., because he had no one to take care of his linen; because he could not live like the fast young men around him; and lastly, because he was in love. He married when he was twenty-six and his bride eighteen. He passionately loved his wife to the end, and the last words he wrote were to her—"The hour strikes. Farewell! we shall meet again."

Haydn married on a salary of a little more than £20. His choice fell first on the youngest daughter of a wig-maker, with whom he had fallen in love while giving her lessons. This daughter, however, took the veil, and the father, anxious to keep Haydn in the family, persuaded him to marry another daughter, three years his senior. He did so, and laid the foundation of unutterable domestic misery. The wife proved to be everything that was bad, and cared not whether her husband was an artist or a shoemaker. A separation was the inevitable result.

Handel was one of the few great composers who remained unmarried, and he seems to have been almost insensible to female charms. He never showed the least inclination for the cares and joys of domestic life, and apart from his relatives, the one to whom he was most attached was his secretary, Mr. Smith. On one occasion he tried for an organ appointment, but when he learned that the successful candidate must marry the daughter of the retiring organist he fled from the contest with all possible speed.

Beethoven on the very threshold of his career was met by poverty and disease, and these accompanying him through life probably kept thoughts of marriage in the background. Yet he was not without passing fancies for women. The Countess Guiciciardi he spoke of at one time as his "immortal beloved," to her he dedicated the famous song "Adelaide."

The dream of Chopin's life was union with Madame Sand, but unfortunately for him marriage found no place in the peculiar system of morals advocated by that eminent novelist. Madame Sand declared matrimony to be a snare to a man, and a delusion to a woman, and accordingly Chopin was met with a refusal. After this, as he says himself, "All the cords that bound me to life are broken." His health visibly declined, and not long after his disappointment he breathed his last.

Mendelssohn fell in love very early, but having reason to mistrust himself, he decided to test his affection for the lady by a lengthened absence from her society. He came through the trial satisfactorily, and shortly after he was married to his first and only love. His relations with his wife were all along tender and satisfactory, although, curiously, she is hardly ever mentioned in any of his published letters.

Wagner married an actress while he was yet a young man, but she had little sympathy with his work and aims, and after a time he separated from her. He next married a daughter of Liszt, who appreciated his genius, and with her he lived a truly happy and peaceful life.

As for Liszt, from the period when he had attained the mature age of fifteen, and fell in love with Miss Garella, till he was far on in years, his biography is plentifully speckled with fair names.

Berlioz, the eminent French composer, wrote: "Oh, that I could find her, the Juliet, the Ophelia that my heart calls to, that I could drink in the intoxication of mingled joy and sadness that only true love knows! Could I but rest in her arms one autumn evening, rocked by the north wind on some wild heath, and sleeping my last sad sleep!" In a few years after these gushing lines were written, he arranged a separation from his wife, his former divinity, and left her to die in misery and solitude!

At 'Ome.

The last 'bus—full, of course—outside, rain falling in torrents. Conductor (loq)—Any gentleman get outside to oblige a lady?

"She can come and sit on my knees, if she likes," says a gentleman; and, to his great surprise, in bounces a buxom wench, who forthwith appropriates the offered knee. After a time, the man gets into conversation with his fair burden, asks her where she is going, and, on hearing her destination, exclaims:

"Bless me, that's my house!"

"Yes, sir," blushingly replied the fair one; "I'm the new cook!"

After Dinner Oratory.

"It's in the wonderful insight inter 'uman nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray; but on t'other hand it's in the brilliant shafts of satire, together with a keen sense o' humor, that Dickery gets the pull over Thackens. It's just this: Thackery is a humorist, Dackens is a satirist. But, after all, it's 'hard to instooce any comparison between Dackery and Thickens." So none were "instooted."

Tastes Differ.

At a juvenile party lately, during the dancing, a tall boy, about fourteen, was standing partnerless against the wall, so a gentleman went and inquired if he could introduce him to someone. The answer being in the affirmative, the gentleman proposed a slim, handsome girl about sixteen, thinking he was conferring a good deal of honor on the young gentleman. But he had reckoned without his host (or rather his guest), for the boy, who evidently knew his own mind, promptly declined, saying in a most confidential whisper:

"No, thank you, sir. Please, I like them fat!"

An Unfavorable Indication.

Omaha belle (who has grown weary of waiting for a proposal)—I fear you would not make a good soldier, Mr. Timid.

Mr. Timid—Why, whatever gave you that unfavorable impression.

Omaha belle—Oh, you seem to be so afraid to enter an engagement.

A Mental Reservation.

Mr. Henpect—My dear, you didn't protest against the word obey during the marriage ceremony.

Mrs. Henpect—No, I didn't; mentally ignored it.

Didn't Hit It.

A newsboy invites his girl to drink.

N. B.—Well, Lizzie, what will you have?

Lizzie—Oh! I guess I'll have some champagne.

N. B.—Guess again.

Those Beautiful Eyes.

The *maire* of a French town on the frontier had, in accordance with the recent regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and, after a moment's reflection, he wrote among the items the following description: "Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive; but one of them missing."

The Dawn of a Blooming Idiot.

He (to goose bride)—Why! where did you get all those pins?

She—Why you gave me one thousand dollars for pin money, so I supposed I had to buy one thousand dollars worth. We can store them in the cellar.

Once Only.

Miss Ada (just introduced)—Were you ever in love, Mr. Smith?

Smith—Once, once, only.

"When was that?"

"Well, about a quarter of an hour ago." [They marry.]

At Thomas' European restaurant and English chop-house, Keachie & Co. have inaugurated a table d'hote dinner, from 12 to 3 o'clock. As everyone knows, the bill of fare offered at the Chop-house is not excelled in this city, and the price of the dinner is only 40c. or six tickets for $2. As this is the only table d'hote dinner given at any of the first-class restaurants, and the price has been placed so low there is no doubt of its success.

BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

Rosenbaum's Bazaar, 159 King St. East

and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Racquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

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Has all the well-known properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, with the stimulating effects of Coca. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep, and is not followed by any evil effects. Unequalled in cases of sudden exhaustion.
ADULT DOSE.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.
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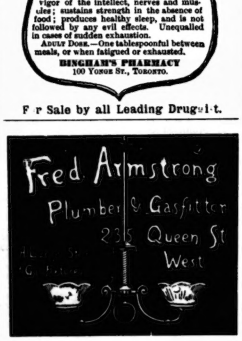

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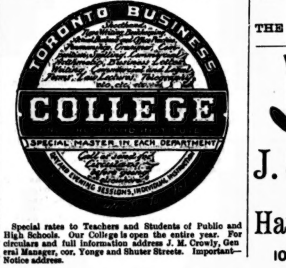

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THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

Lord Cheriton hailed the first hansom he found upon his way, and told the man to drive him to Camberwell Grove.

The neighborhood through which he went was curiously unfamiliar after the changes and forgetfulness of twenty years; and yet it was curiously familiar to him, and brought back the memory of that dead time, when a man who was young, and not much himself, had gone to and fro that road until its every shop-front and every street corner seemed engraven upon his brain.

It is a busy, teeming world, a world of seething humanity, jostling, striving, anxious, hollow-cheeked and eager-eyed. He had chosen to plant his hidden Eden upon "the Surrey side," and had gone to and fro by that squalid highway with a contented spirit, because it was a world in which he was least likely to meet any of his professional brotherhood. What other barrister in decent practice, above all, what other Queen's Counsel, was likely to pitch his tent at Camberwell? There might be old-fashioned men who would be content to grow their early cucumbers, and glout over their pines and peaches in some citizen's paradise on Clapham Common. There might be men who would resign themselves to life at Wandsworth; but where was the spirit so lowly clad in wig and gown who would stoop to live in a place which was accessible only by the Elephant and Castle and the Walworth road? Do not the very names of those places stink in the nostrils of gentility? The Elephant has never held up his trunk since the glories of the Queen's Bench departed, since Ichabod was written on those walls against which Lord Huntingtower played tennis, and in whose shadow so many of Earth's great ones have paced up and down the stony yard in the days when the noble debtor was still a person apart and distinguished, not amenable to the coarse laws which govern the bankrupt trader.

He had borne with the Walworth road, because it lay so far out of his beaten track. The very odor of the neighborhood was familiar—the reek of cooked meats and stale vegetables, blended with all-pervading fumes of beer. But there were numerous changes. He missed familiar shops and corners. All that had been shabby of old looked still shabbier to-day. How often he had tramped those pavements, economizing the cost of a cab, and not caring to rub shoulders with the habitues of the knife-board on Atlas or Waterloo. The walk had suited him. He could think out the brief read over night as he tramped to Westminster in the morning. How well he remembered the cool breath of the river blowing up the Westminster road on bright spring mornings, when the flower girls were offering violets and primroses at the street corners. How well he remembered the change to a cleaner and a stateller world when he had crossed the bridge—the solemn grandeur of Westminster Hall, with those sickly atmosphere of the crowded courts. Looking back he wondered how he bore the monotony of that laborious life, forgetting that he had been borne up and carried along by his ambition, always looking onward to the day when his name and fortune should be made, and he should taste the strong wine of success. He remembered what an idle dream Evelyn's idea of buying the Cheriton estate had seemed to him when first she mooted it, before he had talked of it only to indulge her fancy, as one discusses impossible things with a child; and how by slow degrees the notion of its feasibility had crept into his mind; how he had begun to calculate the possibilities of his future savings; how he had covered stray half-sheets of paper with elaborate calculations, taking pleasure in the mere figures as if they were actual money. He remembered how when he had saved five thousand pounds a rabid eagerness to accumulate took hold of him, and with what keen eyes he used to look at the figures on a Turf Exchange telegram. Intoxication of Evelyn's sanguine visions, and of Evelyn's parsimonious habits. They used to hang over that book sometimes of an evening, as Paolo and Francesca hung over the story of Lancelot, calculating how much could be spared to be placed on deposit, how little they could contrive to live on for the next quarter. As the hoard increased Evelyn grew to grudge herself the smallest luxury, a few flowering plants for the drawing-room, a day's hire of the jobbing gardener, a drive in a hansom to Richmond or Greenwich, little pleasures that had relieved the monotony of their isolation.

"My father cannot live many years," she told James Dalbrook, "and when he dies the estate will be sold. I have often heard him say so."

Mr. Dalbrook went on a stolen journey to Cheriton, and saw every bit of the estate which he could get to see. He was careful to say nothing of this expedition to Evelyn lest she should want to go with him, as he felt that her presence would have been a difficulty. Someone might have recognized the Squire's young daughter in the mature woman.

He went back to London passionately in love with the property, which he remembered as one of the paradises of his boyhood, in the days when he had been fond of long excursions on foot, to Corfe, or Swanage, or the great sun-burnt hills by the sea. He saw Cheriton Chase now with the entranced eyes of an ambitious man to whom territorial possession seemed the crowning glory of life.

He had saved ten thousand pounds, very little compared with the sum which would be required; but he told himself that when he had amassed another ten he might feel secure of being able to buy the estate, since it would be easy to raise seventy per cent. of the purchase money on mortgage. He began to see his way to the realization of that dream. He would have to go on living laborious days—to go on with those habits of self-denial which had already become a second nature—even after the prize was won; but he saw himself the owner of that noble old house, amidst a park and woodland that were the growth of centuries; and he thought of the delight of restoring and improving and repairing, during fifty years of slipshod poverty and slow decay.

And now, as the hoard increased to twelve, fifteen, eighteen thousand, James Dalbrook began to talk to his companion of their future ownership of Cheriton as a certainty. They planned the rooms they were to occupy; they distributed their small stock of furniture about the old mansion house—things they had bought by slow degrees in the happy hunting grounds of Wardour street and Bond street road, and which were all good of their kind. They discussed the number of servants that they could manage to carry on with for the few years, while economy would still be needful. It was understood between them, though rarely spoken about, that Mrs. Darcy would be dead before that fruition of their dreams. He had been sent off to New Zealand a broken man. Who could doubt that in five years more would see the end of that worthless existence, and then the bond between those two who had held to each other so faithfully would be realized, and Evelyn could go back to the house in which she was born, its proud and happy mistress.

She had fed upon those dreams, lived upon them, had thought of little else in her solitary days, in the isolation of her home. She had put away her child with stern resolve that no difficulty should arise out of that existence when she came to take her place in society as James Dalbrook's wife. She never meant to acknowledge the daughter born at Myrtle Cottage. She would do her duty to the child, somehow; but not in that way.

Lord Cheriton remembered all these things as the cab rattled along the Walworth road. Our waking thoughts have sometimes almost the rapidity of our dreams. He surveyed the panorama of the past; recalled the final bitterness of that meeting at Boulogne, when he went over to see Mrs. Darcy, and when he had to tell her that he was master of Cheriton Chase, by the help of his wife's dower, and that he had begun life there on a far more dignified footing than they two had contemplated.

She received the announcement with a sullen despair, but he could see that it hurt her like the thrust of a sword. She stood before him with a lowering frown upon her lips, her thin fingers twisting themselves in and out of each other with a convulsive movement, and one corner of the bloodless under lip caught under the sharp white teeth fiercely.

Well," she said at last, "I congratulate you. Cheriton has a new master; and if the lady of the house is not whom you expected, I shadow I used to see there in my dreams—it matters very little to you. You are the gainer in all ways. You have got the place you wanted; and a fair young wife instead of a faded—mistress."

She lifted up her eyes, pale with anguish, and looked at him with an expression he had never been able to forget.

He was silent under this thrust, and then, after a troubled pause, he asked her if she had made up her mind where her future days were to be spent. He was only desirous to see her settled in some pretty neighborhood, in the nicest house that she could find for herself, or that he could choose for her.

"I shall let money be my consideration," he said. "My fees are rolling in very fast this year, and they are big fees. I want to see you happily circumstanced with Mercy."

"Then be sure you let me have to live in," she answered, "and that is Cheriton Chase."

He told her, with a sad smile, that Cheriton was the only place that was impossible for her.

"It is not impossible. Do you think I want to be a fine lady, or to tell people that I was born there? Cheriton! I only want to live upon the soil I love, and to see you, sometimes, as you go past my door. There is the West Lodge, now—one of the loveliest old cottages in England. I lived there when I was a girl. Sally Newton and I used to picnic there, when my father and I were not on speaking terms. Who is living in that cottage now?"

"One of the gardeners."

"Turn out the gardener and let me live there."

He replied that the idea as preposterous, degrading, that she should live at the lodge gates, she who had once been the Squire's daughter; an object of respectful interest to all the neighborhood.

"Do not talk to me of degradation," she answered, bitterly. "There will be no degradation for me in living in your gates, now that you and I are strangers. My degradation belongs to the past. Nothing in the future can touch me. I am nameless henceforward, a nullity."

"But if you should be recognized there?"

"Why is there to recognize me? Do you think there is one line or one look of my place Strangway's sixteen-year-old face left in my face to-day?"

Knowing the portrait in the hall at Cheriton he was fain to confess that the change was complete. It would have been difficult for anyone to trace the lineaments of that young beauty in the careworn features and sunken cheeks of the woman who stood before him now. In the months that had gone by since their parting had aged her as much as if they had been so many years.

"If your husband should find you there!"

"Why should he? I am the lodge keeper in which he would look for me; and the chances are against his ever returning to England."

"Why is your mind set upon living at Cheriton?"

"Why? Because I have dreamt and thought of that place until it has become a fixed idea, most a disease; because I have not the faintest interest in any other spot upon earth. I don't care how I live there. I have no pride left in me. Pride, self-respect, care for myself died a sudden death one day you know of, when I found that you had ceased to care for me, when I awoke from a long dream and knew that my place in life was lost. I shall be content to vegetate in that cottage—and—and if you think I ought to have Mercy with me, why Mercy can be there too. I shall be Mrs. Jones, or Mrs. Brown, and there can be no particular reason why Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Brown should not have a daughter."

She was so earnest, so intent, so resolute upon this and nothing else than this, that he was constrained to yield to her wishes, and once having yielded, he did all in his power to make her life comfortable and free from humiliation. He had the cottage as tastefully restored as if he had been going to occupy it himself; he opened an account for Mrs. Porter at a Dorchester Bank, and paid in five hundred pounds to her credit, and he told her that the same amount would be paid in yearly on January 1. There should be nothing uncertain or pinched in her circumstances.

This being done, he resigned himself as best he might to bear the burden of that unwelcome presence at his gates. He and the woman who was to have been his wife rarely spoke to each other during those long slow years in which the master of Cheriton grew in honor and dignity and in the respect of his followers. He whose career Evelyn Darcy had watched from the very dawn of success was now a personage, a man of mark in his native county, a man who could afford to hold out the hand of friendship to his less distinguished relatives, and who could afford to confess himself the son of a small shopkeeper in the county town.

Lady Cheriton had been inclined to interest herself in the lonely woman at the West Lodge. She was impressed by the unmistakable refinement of Mrs. Porter's appearance, and wanted to befriend her; but Lord Cheriton had forbidden any friendly relations between his wife and the lodge-keeper's family, on the ground that she was a woman of very peculiar temper, that she would resent anything like patronage, and that she would infinitely prefer being left alone to being taken up or petted. The tender-hearted Maria, always submissive to the husband she adored, had obeyed without question; but some years after, when Mercy was growing up and being educated by the best masters available in the neighborhood, Lady Cheriton had taken a fancy to the handsome girl, and had interested herself warmly in her progress; and thus it had happened that although Mrs. Porter never was known to cross the threshold of her husband's house, her daughter went there often, and was made much of by Lady Cheriton, and admired by Juanita, and contemptuously tolerated by Juanita in embryo, while Mercy was far advanced in music and painting and modern languages.

"I suppose her mother means her to go out as a governess by and by," Lady Cheriton told her husband. "She is over-educated for any other walk in life, and in any case she is overworked. I feel very sorry for her when I see how tired she looks sometimes, and how anxious she is about her studies. Juanita must never be allowed to feel like that."

Lord Cheriton remembered all that had happened with reference to the woman who called herself Mrs. Porter in all these long years—his daughter Juanita's life-time. She had seen the funeral trains of his infant sons pass through the gate beside her cottage—she had seen the little coffins covered with snow-white flowers, and she must have known the bitterness of his disappointment. She had lived at the West Lodge for all these years, and had made no sign of a rebellious heart, of anger, jealousy, or revengeful feeling. He had believed that she was really content so to live; that in granting what she asked of him he had satisfied her, and that her sense of wrong was appeased. At first he had lived in feverish apprehension of some outbreak or accusation revenge made to the wife he loved, or to the friends whose esteem he valued; but as the years went by without bringing him any trouble of this kind, he had ceased to think with uneasiness of that sinister figure at the lodge.

And now by the light of the hideous confession which he carried in his breast pocket he knew that in all those years she had been cherishing her sense of wrong, heaping up anger and revenge and malice and every deadly feeling engendered of disappointed love, against the day of wrath. Could he wonder if her mind had given way under that long torture, until the concealed madness of years culminated in an act of wild revenge—a seemingly motiveless crime? Heaven knows by what distorted reasoning she had arrived at the resolve to strike her deadly blow there rather than elsewhere. Heaven knows what sudden access of malignity might have come upon her by the spectacle of the honeymoon lovers and their innocent bliss.

The cab had turned into Camberwell Grove, and now he asked himself if it were not the wildest fancy to suppose that she might have gone back to Myrtle Cottage, or that she might be hanging about the neighborhood of her old home. The cottage was in all probability occupied, and even if she had wandered that way she would most likely have come and gone before now. The idea had flashed into his mind as he sat in Mercy's room, the idea that in her distracted state all her thoughts might revert to the past, and that her first impulse might lead her to revisit the house in which she had lived so long.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"The love of these is like the lightning spear,
And shrivels whom it touches. They consume
All things within their reach, and, last of all,
Their lonely selves."

The cottage was to be let. A board offering it upon a long lease announced that fact.

Lord Cheriton opened the familiar gate. The very sound with which it swung back as he passed recalled a flood of memories. He had left nothing but an exceeding bitter sorrow. How weedy and dejected the narrow garden looked in the sunshine—how moss-grown the gravel path which he and Evelyn had once taken such pains to weed and roll, in those early days when that modest suburban retreat seemed a happy home, and no shadow of weariness had not yet darkened their threshold.

He entered at the well remembered door under the stucco porch which had the Virginia creeper hung in rank luxuriance. The house was not unoccupied, for slipshod feet came along the passage, and he heard children's voices in the back premises.

A slatternly woman, with a year-old baby on her left arm, opened the door.

"Has a lady called here this morning?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, there is a lady here now—in the drawing-room," the woman answered eagerly. "I hope you belong to her. I've been feeling a bit nervous about her, with me and the children alone in the house, and my husband not coming home till eight time. I'm afraid she's not quite right in her head."

"Yes, I belong to her. I have come to fetch her."

He went into the drawing-room—the room that had looked pretty and picturesque enough in those unforgotten days—and had been furnished with cabinet old secretaire and bookcase, Chippendale chairs, and a carved oak table, a pair of old blue and white jars on the top of a dark mahogany bureau, the sunshine and fire irons that used to glitter in the firelight, sober brown damask curtains, and half a dozen Barbizon oil sketches that were priceless, in neat oval frames—a room that always looked like a Dutch picture.

Now this room was the picture of desolation. For furniture there was nothing but a shabby Pembroke table, wanting two castors, and two old cane-seated chairs, in each of which the cane was broken and half gone. A dilapidated doll, in a dirty red gauze frock, sprawled amidst the dirt on the bare floor, and a tattered rug lay in the front of the fireless grate.

Mrs. Porter was sitting with her elbows on the table, and her head resting on her clasped hands. She did not notice the footsteps of the man standing close beside her, when she looked up at him.

At first her gaze expressed trouble and bewilderment; then her face brightened into a quiet smile, a look of long ago.

"You are earlier than usual, James," she said, holding out her hand.

He took the hand in his; it was hot and dry, as if with a raging fever. It was the hand of a murderess; but it was not the hand of his victim, and he could not refuse to take it.

"Was your work over so soon to-day?" she asked. "I'm afraid it will be over so long before dinner will be ready, and the house in all in a muddle—everything wretched"—looking about her with a puzzled air. "I can't think what has happened to the room," she muttered. "Servants are so troublesome."

She passed her hand across her forehead, as if her head were paining her, and then looked at him helplessly.

"You are ill, Elwyn," he said gently.

It was twenty years since he had called her by the name that had been so often on his lips in this house. It was almost as if the very atmosphere of the house, even in its desolation, recalled the old link between them and made him forgetful of what had happened in Dorsetshire.

"No. I have a headache, that is all. I shall set to work presently and make everything comfortable for you. Only I can't find Mary—I can't get on without Mary. I don't like the look of that charwoman—a wretched, untidy creature—and I don't know what she has done with the furniture. I suppose she moved it in order to clean the rooms. It is just like her tricks, cleaning out the furniture and then dawdling ever so long before they begin to scrub the floor."

He looked at her earnestly, wondering whether she was pretending, whether she had repented that written acknowledgment of her crime, and was acting madness. No, it was real enough. The eyes, with their dull fixed look and dilated pupils, the troubled movements of the hot hands, the trembling of the lips of the unsettled brain. There was but one course before him, to get her madness established as an accepted fact before there was any chance of her crime being discovered.

"Do not trouble about anything," he said gently. "I will get some of the furniture brought back presently, and I will get you a servant. Will you wait quietly here, while I see about two or three small matters?"

"Yes, I will wait, and don't be long. It seems such a long while since yesterday," she said, looking round the room in a forlorn way, as those who return to a purely altered. Don't be long, if you must go out."

He promised to be back in an hour, and then he went out and spoke to the woman.

"How did she come here, and when?"

"She walked up to the door. It was just dinner-time—half-past twelve o'clock. I thought it was someone to see the house, so I let her in without asking any questions, and I showed her all the rooms, and it was some time before I saw she was wrong in her head. She looked about her just the same as people mostly do look and she was very thoughtful, as if she was considering whether the place would suit. And then after she'd been a long time looking at the rooms and the garden, she went back into the drawing-room, and sat down at the table. I told her I should be glad if she could make it convenient to leave, as I had my washing to do But she said she lived here, this was her home, and she told me to go away and get on with my work. She gave me such a scare that I didn't know how to answer her. She spoke very mild, and I could see that I was frightened of her. I could see that she was out of her mind, and that frightened me, for fear she should take a violent turn, and I all alone in the house with those young children. I was afraid to contradict her, so I just let her please herself and sit in the drawing-room alone, while I went on with my bit of washing, and kept the children well out of the way. I never felt more thankful in my life than when you knocked at the door."

"I am going as far as the postoffice to send off some telegrams, and I want you to take care she doesn't leave this house while I'm away." He emphasized his request with a sovereign.

"Thank you kindly, sir. I'll do my best. I'm sure I'm sorry for her with all my heart, poor dear lady."

"And I want you to give me the use of this house for to-day—and possibly for to-night, if I find it necessary to give you leave—and it's been empty too long for there to be much chance of a tenant turning up between now and to-morrow."

"Very good. Then I shall send in a little furniture—just enough to make her comfortable for a few hours—and when I come back you can get her something to eat and make her some tea."

"Yes, sir. You won't be gone long, I hope, for fear she should turn violent?"

"She will not do that. She has never been violent."

"I am very glad to hear that. Appearances are so deceitful sometimes when folks are wrong in their heads."

Lord Cheriton had told the cabman to wait. He got into the cab and drove to the nearest upholsterer's, where he hired a table, a comfortable sofa, a couple of chairs, a small square carpet, some pillows and blankets, in the event of Mrs. Porter having to bivouac in Myrtle Cottage. He meant her only to leave that shelter for a place of restraint, under medical care.

This done, he went to the post-office and telegraphed first to Marian Gray, Hercules Buildings:

"Your mother is at Myrtle Cottage, Camberwell Grove, and very ill. Go to her without delay.—CHERITON."

His second telegram was to Dr. Davidson, Welbeck street:

"Meet me as soon as you possibly can at Myrtle Cottage, Camberwell Green, and send a trained nurse, experienced in mental cases, to the same address. I want your advice upon a very serious case, in which time is of vital importance."

He sent another telegram to another medical man, Dr. Wilmot, also an old acquaintance, and a fourth to Theodore Dalbrook, at the Priory:

"Mrs. Porter is in London, and in my care. You need have no further apprehension."

He was back at Myrtle Cottage within the half hour, and was able to direct the men who had just brought a small van containing the furniture. He saw the things carried into the room that had been the dining-room, which was empty, the policeman's family preferring to camp in the kitchen, and saw them arranged there with some appearance of comfort. Then he went back to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Porter was standing at the window, staring at the weeping ash.

"I don't know the tree was so big," she muttered.

"The dining-room is in better order," he said gently, "will you come and sit there, while they get you some tea?"

"Yes, James," she answered meekly, and then she added, with almost the voice and manner of twenty years ago, "tell me about your day."

She followed him into the other room, and seated herself opposite to him, looking at him expectantly. "Tell me about your day in the law courts. Was it dull or interesting? Had you any great case on? I forget. I forget."

She had always questioned him on his return from the law courts, she had read the reports of all his cases, and all his rivals' cases, interesting herself in everything that concerned his career. And now there was so much of the past in her manner that his heart ached as he listened to her. He had not the heart to humor her delusion.

"I have sent for your daughter," he said gravely, thinking that name might bring her back to a sense of the present time. "She will be here before long, I believe. I hope you will receive her kindly."

"Why have you sent for her?" she cried, vexed and startled. "She is very well where she is—happy and well. The nurse told me so in her last letter. I can't have her here, you know that, James—you know how people would talk by-and by—how they would ferret out the truth—by-and-by, when we want to stand clear of the past—

"Evelyn, the past is long past, and our child is a woman—a broken-hearted penitent. I want you to take her to your heart again, if you have any heart left in you."

"I have not," she cried, with a sudden change, appalling in its instantaneousness. "My heart died within me twenty years ago, when you broke it—in this house, yes, in this house, Jamine Dalbrook. God help me! I have been dreaming! I thought I was living here again in the old time, and that you had come home to me, as you used to come, before you broke your promise and abandoned me to marry a rich young wife. Heart! No, I have a fiery scorpion here, where my heart used to be. Do you think if I had had a heart left I could have killed him—that young man, who never injured me by so much as one scornful word? It was the thought of that daughter that maddened me—the thought of her happiness, the sound of the church bells and the cheering, and the sight of the flags and garlands and laurel arches—while my daughter, your nameless, unacknowledged child, was an outcast, and I who should have been your wife, and the happy mother of your happy bride, I was living in that silent solitary cottage alone and unloved—upon the land where my father and his forefathers had been owners for the soil. I had dreamed the dream and you had realized it. All through those moonlight nights I was awake and roaming about the park, from midnight till dawn, thinking, thinking, thinking, till I felt as if my brain must burst with the agony of thought. And then I remembered Tom Darley's pistols and I took one of them with me of a night. I hardly knew why I carried that pistol about with me, but I felt a necessity to kill something. Once I was near shooting a fallow deer, but the creature looked at me with its plaintive eyes, and I couldn't kill him instead of killing him. And then I took to prowling about the house, and I saw those two in the lamp lit room, in their wedded happiness—the proud bridegroom, triumphant wife; an union as ours, secret, darkened by a cloud of shame. I saw your daughter in her bright young beauty, the proud, triumphant wife; and then a devilish thought took hold of me—the thought of seeing her widowed broken-hearted; the thought that I might be her evil Destiny—that just by stretching out my arm and pulling the trigger I could bring down all that pride into the dust—could bring youth and beauty down to my level of dull despair."

"It was a devilish thought."

(To be Continued.)

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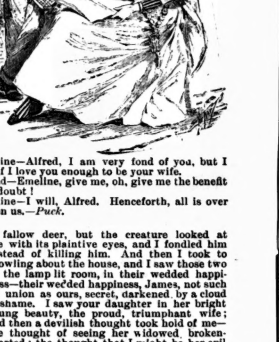

Eneline—Alfred, I am very fond of you, but I doubt if I love you enough to be your wife.

Alfred—Emeline, give me, oh, give me the benefit of the doubt!

Emeline—I will, Alfred. Henceforth, all is over between us.—*Puck.*

A Simile.

A young doctor, wishing to make a good impression upon a German farmer, mentioned the fact that he had received double education, as it were. He had studied homœopathy and was also a graduate of a "regular" medical school.

"Oh, dot vas nothing," said the farmer; "I had vonce a calf vot sucked two cows, and he made nothing but a common schteer after all."

Aline.

She was a sweet, dainty Aline; the fairest type of womanly loveliness, gracious and kind, but intensely proud when circumstances required the quality; and that was the one thing which upheld her in the great crisis of her life.

She had been the village school teacher for several years. How well the boys and girls of Littleton remembered her first appearance! How she had laid off her white hat which shaded the lovely face and beautiful soft gray eyes, and drawn off the long gloves which revealed such beautifully white and small hands as they had rarely ever seen, while she gazed slowly over the room at the bright, upliftedchildish faces, and then—she had smiled. That smile won their hearts at once. Such a kind, sweet smile—it fell on them like a ray of sunshine, and they had positively held their breaths with admiration of her.

They were used to large, buxom, red cheeked country damsels with loud voices and equally loud laughter; this pale, gracious, spiritual girl, with the soft voice and kind smile, had seemed to them from an entirely different world.

Scarcely a word of reproach had crossed her lips to her scholars since her entrance into the school, and there was not a child in the village who did not love her with his whole heart.

There was one thing, however, that seemed strange in Aline. She rarely, if ever, was heard to laugh. Her smiles were the sweetest that the simple country folk of Littleton had ever seen, yet more than one remarked on the absence of the laugh which they were sure would be twice as sweet as the smile.

"Perhaps she has had some trouble in her life." Farmer Daw's young daughter had once said to her chum and schoolmate, Maria Smith; "but for all that, I love her like she was my own sister."

"And so do I," had been the enthusiastic reply of the promising Maria.

But the people of Littleton had become accustomed to pale, reserved Alice Rogers, and they had ceased to remark on her, excepting to say that she was the best teacher that they had had for a long while.

She had a pretty little house, all her own, that she had purchased, and where she lived quietly and happily, so far as they knew.

The well-cultivated bed of pansies under the front window, with its curtain had often caused strangers in Littleton to inquire who lived in the neat little cottage, and the farmers would respond with evident pride,—

"Our school-marm, sir."

"The answer was always the same; but once one had added, in a burst of confidence,—

"And the kindest, sweetest little woman as ever lived."

The stranger addressed simply smiled, and went his way to wonder for a little while what the "kindest, sweetest little woman in the world" was like, and then forgot all about it.

Had he seen her, he would not perhaps have forgotten quite so quickly. For the sweet face lived for years in the memory of those who had once looked upon it.

This evening, as usual, she had gone to her little home after the day's duties were over. Her step, ever slow and graceful, never quickened as it might possibly have done could the curtain of the future have been pushed aside ever so slightly.

She was met at the gate by one of the village maidens.

"Oh, Miss Aline," she cried, "guess! Who do you suppose has come!"

Aline smiled, and couldn't guess.

"The new minister!" the girl exclaimed, and clapped her hands in joy at being the first to convey the news to the "school-ma'am."

Aline smiled again into the eager face of the girl, but no gleam of interest entered the calm, gray eyes. The coming of the new minister could not affect her.

"And such a young man, too," the girl went on, "and so handsome!"

She clasped her hands and cast her eyes heavenward in her admiration of the new minister.

"Yes?"

Aline opened the gate and went inside the yard. She stood still, watching the sun setting amid a golden blaze of glory, while Armida Brown talked on about the new arrival. Suddenly she stopped and looked at Aline.

"How beautiful you look to-night, Miss Aline," she observed in a gentler tone, "with that sunshine in your eyes and on your face. Just like an angel."

But compliments, however honest, had no weight with Aline. She bade Armida good-night and walked slowly up the gravel path, stopping here and there to pluck a flower. She stood on the steps and watched the sun go down until entirely out of sight. Then she turned slowly and entered the cottage.

She had not particularly noticed the tall, dark man who was passing. He had seen her, however, and taken in all her fair sweet beauty, and the picture remained with him for many a long day.

Aline went to church on Sunday morning, as was her custom. The new minister proved very interesting. She learned that his name was Frank Marshall, and that he had come from Louisville, which had been his home. He had a beautiful tenor voice. Alice could hear and distinguish it from all the rest.

When she went up to shake hands with him, as the others were doing, she saw what black eyes and hair he had—different from anything she had ever seen. The eyes were a sort of golden black—looking as if the sun were shining through them—and the hair was curly and thick.

"Miss Rogers," the grave, quiet tone sounded pleasant to her ear.

He held her neatly gloved hand in his for a few seconds, and then turned to the next person; but the smile which accompanied the words, "I am very glad to see you, Miss Rogers," still lingered with her.

How queerly he smiles—only with his lips! His eyes remain cold and stern."

The thought did not trouble her—it merely passed through her mind and then was forgotten. Yet, looking back through the day, it seemed to Aline that his eyes had softened a little when he smiled at her. It was merely a fancy—gone as speedily as it came.

When Mr. Marshall had been at Littleton for a month, it was whispered about that he was in love with the village school-ma'am. Was he not at her house four nights in the week? Did he not keep looking at her through services as though unable to take his eyes from her face? Did he not hold her hand tenderly at parting?

But people saw no difference in Aline. She was just the same as ever, Armida Brown declared. In Armida's somewhat limited experience, girls always blushed and stammered and grew confused when the object of their love drew near; but Aline was different. Her hands were cool and steady when she shook hands with Mr. Marshall. Her lovely face never flushed or grew pale. It was calm and sweet as usual. The gray eyes never drooped; they looked straight out from under the thick, curling lashes as indifferently as though it was only a child at whom she was gazing, and her clear voice never faltered as she addressed him.

Armida could not understand it at all. Mr. Marshall, she thought, was a man to be proud of. He was tall, and strikingly handsome in his peculiar dark style, and carried himself with an air that quite took her fancy. She could not understand Aline's indifference.

Often the preacher was seen walking home with Aline from school, while he seemed to literally hang on her words. But as the weeks lengthened into months, and still no engagement was announced, the simple folk of Littleton began to wonder.

One evening, as Mr. Marshall was walking beside Aline after school was over, he said suddenly, after a somewhat lengthy silence:

"Aline, a few friends called on me to day."

She looked up with an interested air. Her greatest charm lay in the interest she displayed in others, and the attention with which she listened to what they had to say.

"Yes?" she said.

"They all told me I had greatly changed—and for the better. Can you account for this change, Aline?"

"No, I cannot," she answered, meditatively studying the dark, handsome face.

"Well, I can. You have caused it."

"I? No, I think not," Aline answered quietly. And not another word was spoken until her home was reached.

"Your words hurt me, Aline," Mr. Marshall said softly, "but I forgive them. Good-by and God bless you, dear!"

And as Aline lingered in the cool night air, the breeze seemed whispering the words over and over, "God bless you, dear!"

It was toward the close of August that a stranger came to Littleton—a shapely, beautiful woman, who went directly to the parsonage. Few saw her—Aline was one of the few.

A blow fell on the community next day. Mr. Marshall's engagement was announced! Not to pale, sweet Aline Rogers, but to Miss Mattie Newburgh.

Who was Miss Mattie Newburgh? No one seemed to know. The marriage was to take place the following Sunday. It was then Friday.

Aline was one of the first to hear the news. Armida Brown came running breathlessly to where she was standing by the gate ready for school.

"Did you ever!" she exclaimed, then paused to gain breath.

Aline waited, a smile on her lips and in the gray eyes. She was looking very pretty, that morning, in a simple white dress, with a bright flower at her throat; the broad black hat, trimmed with purple pansies set off her girlish loveliness to perfection.

Armida thought she had never looked so well.

"The minister is engaged!" she cried, pressing her hand to her side, and drawing hard breaths.

Her eyes searched the face before her for a trace of pain or disappointment, or—something she could hardly explain to herself. But she searched in vain. The lovely face remained as calm as ever; the smile never left the sweet lips.

"Does she care for him? If so, she has wonderful control over herself," Armida thought.

"Engaged? I am so glad to hear it," Aline replied in her usual low, soft voice.

Armida bent over suddenly and kissed her.

"Why did you do that?" Aline cried sharply, starting back; and Armida saw there were tears in her eyes.

Perhaps the lonely heart was touched by the little demonstration of love, perhaps it reminded her of other kisses bestowed on her.

"He is engaged to Miss Mattie Newburgh," Armida went on, ignoring the other's question, and looking past her to the bed of pansies.

"Yes?"

Armida looked again at Aline.

"They are to be married Sunday."

There was a pause. Armida watched Aline narrowly.

"Yes?" again.

The other girl saw no change in the face under the broad black hat. Then Aline smiled. It was a queer smile, but it contained no sorrow, no disappointment.

"I shall play the organ on Sunday."

It was Armida's turn to be startled now.

"To be sure!—to be sure!" she stammered, then turned and went down the road.

No one knew how she managed it; but Aline, true to her word, did play the organ on Sunday. The wedding march, as rendered by her, was simply grand.

From her seat at the organ she could see the bridal pair as they passed up the aisle. Mr. Marshall's face was deathly pale, but his step was firm and quick. Miss Newburgh was grandly beautiful. Aline admitted that she had never seen a more beautiful face.

Directly the ceremony was over people came forward and poured their congratulations upon the pair. And Aline, although trembling so much that she could scarcely walk, arose from the organ and walked sedately down the aisle, and was among the first to congratulate Mr. Marshall.

"I wish you every joy and blessing under Heaven, my friend," she said in sweet, steady tones, and Mr. Marshall bent over the small hand and—kissed it!

When he raised his eyes to her face and said in a low, husky voice, "Thank you, Aline," she saw that there were tears in his eyes, and his lips were trembling.

Bitter remorse smote her keenly. When she reached home, ah, how desolate and forsaken she felt! She knelt by her white bed and buried her face in the coverlet.

"He loved me—he loved me—he said so!" she murmured in a low, broken voice. "And I could have learned to love him in return, but I am already married! Heaven help me!"

Her Glass Eye Didn't Work.

A very curious case lately came before the Justice of the Peace of Neuilly, France. Some time ago Mme. Pluyette, a widow of 50, but who still attaches much importance to personal appearance, had the misfortune in playing with a lapdog to receive from it so severe a wound in one of her eyes that it came out of the socket. Having heard much of artificial eyes, and being recommended to apply to an expert manufacturer in this way named Tamsier, she gave an order for a glass eye for which the optician charged 100 francs ($20). Refusing to pay this charge, the manufacturer summoned her before the Justice of the Peace.

Mme. Pluyette having appeared, holding the glass eye in her hand, the Judge asked her why she refused to pay the bill which M. Tamsier had sent in.

"For a very good reason," replied the defendant. "I can see no more with his eye than I could before."

"What?" said the Judge. "Did you really imagine that you would be able to see with a glass eye?"

"Did I think so?" retorted the angry dame. "Certainly I did. Will you be so good as to tell me what eyes are for except to see with? I ordered the eye for use, and until M. Tamsier makes me one with which I can see I will not pay him a sou."

The Justice of the Peace endeavored to convince Mme Pluyette that glass eyes were for others to look at and not for the wearer to look through; but, finding all appeals to her reason of no avail, he condemned her to pay the plaintiff the amount of his demand. When the defendant heard the decision she became furious with anger, and, after dashing her glass eye on the floor, she rushed out of the court amid the laughter of the crowd.

Musical Connoisseurs and Symphony Concerts—Their Improving Effect.

"Oh, say, Maude, did you go to the symphony concert?"

"Uh-huh; did you?"

"Yes; wasn't it lovely?"

"Divine. I just love to hear the violins quaver the way they do."

"So do I. Did you ever hear Lil Jenkins play the 'Blue Danube' waltzes on the piano?"

"Yes; she plays it lively, doesn't she?"

"Have you got any gum?"

"Yes, here's three kinds; take your choice."

"How did you like the tenor that sang the solo?"

"Oh, ever so much. He was such a cute little man."

"It was awfully funny to see him tip away up on his toes every time he sang a high note. He could sing with one foot just as well as he could with the other."

"Did you don't think of the funniest things! But wasn't the soprano horrid?"

"Well, I should say so. That dress looked as if it had been cut by a carpenter."

"Which part of the programme did you like the most?"

"I think that last number was the best. Did you watch the trombone player?"

"Yes; didn't he have cute, puffy cheeks when he played? I didn't take my eyes off him once."

"I was looking at the young man that played the flute. The way he combs his hair back makes him look so interesting."

"Do you know mamma thinks I have improved in my music wonderfully by going to the Symphony concerts."

"I'm going to every one of them."

"So am I."

An Old-Fashioned Boy.

A boy went up Woodward avenue yesterday trundling a hoop. He wasn't a little lord Fauntleroy with yellow curls and a velvet frock, but a bright-faced, bare-footed little chap with cheeks of tan. The hoop was an ordinary ash hoop from some barrel in an alley and he trundled it with a big stave and got more fun out of it in a minute than he knew what to do with. Men with gray hair and sorrowful faces turned and looked after him as he batted it into position and kept it whirling and laughed all over his face as it attracted attention.

"It looks good to see an old-fashioned toy again," said a retired merchant who was drawing on his gloves on the curbstone. "I can remember when a 'boughten' hoop seemed to me the summit of my ambition. Now my boys want velocipedes and sailboats and sidewalk skates, and they are not happy like that young ster and his barrel hoop," and he stepped into his landau with a sigh of genuine regret.

Evening in the Country.

Farmer—Is the cow in the barn?
Farmer's wife—Yes.
Farmer—Horses unharnessed and fed?
Farmer's wife—Yes.
Farmer—Chickens locked up?
Farmer's wife—Yes.
Farmer—Wood split for morning?
Farmer's wife—Yes.
Farmer—Wagon washed for an early start to-morrow?
Farmer's wife—Yes.
Farmer—Well, then, I guess I'll go to bed. Farmin' is beginnin' to tell on me.

Capital Punishment.

Teacher, describing experiences of the day to a friend:

"In order to punish Johnny Hansom I caused him to sit beside Miss Fresh, the prettiest girl in the school."

Friend—And how did it work?

Teacher—Judge for yourself. The girl did not seem a whit disconcerted, and smiled so sweetly upon Johnny that he lost his head completely.

Friend—Why, that was capital punishment.

Cheek.

Magistrate—Prisoner, this is the seventh time you have appeared before me.

Prisoner—I know it, your honor. Your honor always was a favorite of mine, you are so just.

Magistrate (mollified)—Well, I'll let you off this time, but don't come before me again.

Prisoner—That's a hard sentence, your honor, but I'll try to bear it without complaint.

Caste in the Clothing Business.

Algernon—I notice that you did not respond to young Brown's bow.

Augustus—No; his family does not amount to much, you know. They're only common clothing dealer's people.

Algernon—But, goodness gracious! your father is in the clothing business.

Augustus—Wholesale, dear boy, wholesale. Father would rather die than sell anything at retail. Noblesse oblige, you know, dear boy.

That Little Bill.

A man who is owing us a little bill said he would call last week and pay us if he was alive. He still appears on the street, but, as he did not call, it is naturally supposed that he is dead, and is walking around to save funeral expenses. Please omit flowers.

Worse Than That.

Briggs—What makes Hardup look so troubled of late, Boggs? Is his wife spending his money at some popular summer resort?

Boggs—Why, no. She's trying to economize by keeping summer boarders.

A Damper on Conversation.

Yachtsman—Fishing!
Punter—No; sawin' wood.—*Judge.*

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Individual Responsibility.

It is to be feared that the tendency to association and combination for the accomplishment of public objects has the effect of weakening in no small degree the sense of individual responsibility. Nowadays we move in masses and think in herds. If anything is to be done or prevented the first move is invariably to organize an association. Some keen observer of human nature once made the remark that should the world come to an end with the exception of half a dozen Englishmen, they would contrive to get up a public dinner somewhere among the ruins in celebration of the event. A handful of Canadians in like circumstances would certainly start a society. We have associations, lodges, leagues, clubs for every conceivable purpose, and it is not surprising if the very superabundance of machinery tends to induce in the mind of the average citizen easy-going reliance on others in the place of personal effort when there is a wrong to be righted or a reform to be carried out. Are not very many in the habit of quieting their consciences by the reflection that they are members of this or that organization, to which they pay their dues with more or less regularity, whose work it ought to be to further the good cause? How often we hear the expression that "they" ought to do this or that in connection with political, municipal or social matters. "They" should give us a better drainage system, more parks, female suffrage, or a change in the tariff. "They" ought to prevent street railway accidents, and so on. How few in their condemnation of abuses stop to reflect that they themselves are a fraction of the potent, impersonal "they," whose shortcomings and mistakes are so freely criticized. The power of combined effort has accomplished wonders, but combined apathy never yet did anything. Association is a great factor in modern human events, but only when those who associate are individually alert and earnest. It is a mistake to regard a society or a government as a sort of moral Keely motor which will run itself. These are times in which every citizen ought to realize that he is individually responsible for good government in every department, and that when things go wrong he cannot excuse his own slackness by laying the blame upon any impalpable "they." It is "we" and not "they" who ought to be held accountable.

Classical Quotations.

How completely the practice of giving an air of erudition to speeches and newspaper articles by introducing classical quotations has gone out of fashion. All cultivated speakers and writers of the old school considered it almost necessary to their literary reputation to round off a sentence here and there with such well-worn phrases as "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*," or "*Quot homines tot sententiæ.*" To be able to intersperse citations of this kind, however hackneyed, in an address or paper was deemed the mark of a man of good education. If set the stamp of scholarship and culture upon his production. Now Latin quotations are rarely met with and when they do appear are more likely to be regarded as a sign of pedantry and affectation than anything else. When modern writers quote from the classics they usually prefer to give the translation, and as to the use of the classic tongues in political speeches it is altogether obsolete. British parliamentarians used to be fond of airing their Latin and Greek in the old days when government was more completely in the hands of the upper class than it is now, but since the democratic element has become powerful speakers usually prefer to confine themselves to the vernacular. The writer once heard a classical quotation sprung on the Ontario Legislature to their mingled surprise and amusement. Hon. Alexander Morris remarked that

"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*"

Some laughed, some applauded, some shook their heads in honest admission of their ignorance, and others tried to look wise as if they saw the point, but failed conspicuously. On the whole, its reception and the comment excited at the time, were not such as to induce anyone ambitious for oratorical honors to emulate the example. Classical quotations don't go with a Canadian audience. One reason for their disappearance from editorials and speeches is no doubt that the trick is too easy. In these days of universal education and books of reference, anybody can, for a small sum, buy a dictionary of quotations, and so be enabled to reel off Latin, Greek or French at second-hand to any extent desired. To be able to wind up a paragraph with a line from Virgil or Horace is no longer a guarantee that the writer has had a classical education. It more probably indicates the possession of a cheap book of reference. Anybody can quote nowadays, and really superior writers show their sense in discarding these threadbare shreds and patches of classic lore and sticking to plain English.

Some rather amusing stories are told about Edgar Saltus and his manner of life at Narragansett. He lives there with a pale halo of thought about his intellectual brow, and affects a manner of deep and misty melancholy. The multitude of pretty girls who spend the summer at Narragansett refer to him in awe-stricken whispers as "the master."

Music.

I had intended some weeks ago to make reference to the musical possibilities of our Dominion Day celebrations, but matters of more immediate consequence had to take precedence. The benefit arising from the hearty celebration of our last natal day has only begun to radiate from its center. We in Toronto already feel the impetus received by our national feeling from it. The more brilliant we can make the celebration here the stronger will be the feeling of pride in our country, and the greater its radiation from the centre of the Province and the weight of its waves on outlying points. If the United States had never had the Fourth of July speeches, bands, and fireworks, they never would have had that extreme pride in themselves and their institutions which is so salient a characteristic. Without necessarily going through a baptism of blood to effect this purpose, we can still build up a national feeling in Canada on the material which lies at hand for our sentiment to make use of.

*

But it must be *used*. And in this use we can do no better than to institute each year, or one year as an experiment, a midsummer festival in Toronto. And in this festival music, military and parades should be the strong features. How much the influence of music can be made use of I will endeavor to make clear this Saturday. The band that marches playing along the street is followed by nearly all the urchins that can spare the time to do so, and by many who cannot legitimately spare that time. The bands in our parks are listened to with delight by thousands. The free concerts given by educational institutions are crowded. It seems like waste of space to press this point; but there are so many hard-headed Philistines who are inclined to relegate music among the vanities and sins of the world, and among those things which have no useful purpose, that I feel the necessity of impressing upon such people the truth, "Give people music and you give them enjoyment: you fire their enthusiasm, and you fix in their minds dates and their causes."

*

A midsummer festival whose central day shall be Dominion Day, may be made to embrace as its musical features, a band tournament, evening concerts all over the city, a monster children's celebration, fireworks with brigaded band concerts and music on the water. The military review and a band tournament on a commensurate scale would bring bands in large numbers to the city, in addition to our own excellent bands. A condition of participation in the band contest should be the willingness of the band to play here during the festival at nominal rates, sufficient to cover the cost of staying here. For this they should play where the committee assigns them duties. The larger bands could be brigaded in the larger parks, and the other bands in the smaller ones. Those who had the good fortune to hear the massed bands of the Queen's Own, Royal Grenadiers and Thirteenth Battalion last autumn will remember what a splendid musical effect can be produced from the gathering together of a number of good bands. This work can be carried on with equal success by day or night, for nothing is to hinder the conductor's baton being a wand with an electric light at its tip! And these bands must be made to play *Canadian* music, and where there are large masses of both musicians and people, we should not be too proud to follow Mr. Gilmore's example, and we should give the national airs with artillery accompaniment.

*

Music should be heard all over the city so as to thoroughly drive into the people's minds the occasion of the rejoicing. The festive idea should be implanted in the children's minds, and every child that can sing should be enrolled in a vast chorus of ten thousand voices to sing patriotic songs. These children should be placed on a hill-side where they have room to be seen and heard, and the people should be placed on the opposite side. We have many ravines capable of being used in this manner. Ludicrous instances of long strings of singers, wavering in tune, have no doubt been known, but in this age of electricity, such disasters are easily obviated by having batons stationed at different points, worked by electricity, and thus securing perfect unanimity. The bands and cannon can be worked by the same agency and with the same harmony. Our climate, variable as it undoubtedly is, generally gives us such weather at the time in question that all these out-of-door pleasures will be possible. For such a festival, everything should be out of doors, and everything should be free to all. The establishment of a glow of pride in our nation and its holiday in the young hearts of the choristers is a result that is priceless in its future good and strength. Don is a very much better financier than I am, and I have no doubt that he will make it clear how all this can be done profitably and economically.

METRONOME.

He's Apt to be Out.

Oh, now the business man you'll catch
In many curious places.
Perhaps he's at the base ball match
Or at the races.

If not in Europe or at sea
Wisconsin's wilds may hide him,
Or by a trout brook he may be
With bait beside him.

The mountains or the ocean's roar
With summer charms may bind him.
You needn't try his office door
For you'll not find him.

Had Seen Prairies.

Fond mother—Yes, the dear little fellow is just full of good impulses. Eddie, if you were rich, what would you do with your money?

Eddie (who has traveled some)—I'd buy a billion stones, and take 'em out to Iowa for the poor little boys out there to throw at cats.

Parotic Perfection.

Drummer—I shall not be gone longer than three or four days. I guess the time will fly quickly, dear, and you won't miss me much.

Young Wife—Oh, no, not at all, love. The parrot swears perfectly now and so naturally that I never know whether you are at home or not.

The Drama.

The New York *Sun* says that the importation of English performers to America will be greater next season than ever before. Wilson Barrett and Charles Wyndham will come with wholly London companies; the second of the two London Gaiety burlesque troupes will make an American tour, and the Kendals will at last cross the Atlantic for their long-promised professional visit. There is much speculation as to the acceptance or rejection by Americans of the Kendals whose vogue at home is great. To understand precisely the position that they occupy on the London stage, one must know that they are the principal active survivors of the famous stock company of the Prince of Wales' Theater, and that their names are associated with some of the greatest successes of the past twenty years. Mrs. Kendal for example, is the original representative of Galatea in W. S. Gilbert's famous comedy, and when "Diplomacy" was produced at the Prince of Wales' she depicted the heroine to her husband's Julian Beauclerc. The sister of the famous playwright, Tom Robertson, she shared in some of his greatest triumphs. But she is long past youth, and the question is whether the American public will overlook her matronliness and see only her cleverness. It does it in the cases of actresses who have grown old in its sight, but has not usually done so with foreigners, unless they were of transcendent genius. "But Mrs. Kendal is still in the flower of womanhood," said one of her admirers, "and embodies the ideal English type to perfection. When one sees her depicting an Englishwoman of the present day—and she is essentially a modern actress—one instantly recognizes the truth of the type. This is the ideal heroine of the English playwright, from Gilbert to Pinero, the ideal heroine of the English novelist, from George Eliot to Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the ideal model of the English artist, a woman who ought to be perpetuated on canvas by a painter no less British than Sir John Millais. She is a genius in so far as comedy is concerned—she never attacks tragedy—and passes with equal ease from the sentimental grandame of a comedy by Scribe to the rustic heroine of an English playwright, such as W. G. Willis, whose version of Black-eyed Susan gave to her an opportunity for one of her most touching performances. Her surpassing merit is that she is absolutely and entirely natural. A complete mistress of the art that conceals art, she never seems to be acting, and the impression created by one of her best performances is similar to that derived from a faultlessly rendered aria by a great prima donna." The social vogue of Mrs. Kendal has been made by Queen Victoria, who has invited her alone of all actresses to play at Windsor Castle. The Prince of Wales, who is a personal friend and warm admirer of the Lyceum actor-manager, had Henry Irving and Ellen Terry at his country seat at Sandringham to play in a private theater while the Queen was visiting her royal son but that is a very different matter from being commanded by the Queen personally to play at Windsor. It is notable as showing the opinion of the court concerning actresses, that no other one of them has yet been received by the Queen at her regulation drawing-room. When Mrs. Kendal appeared the Queen was particularly careful to explain that the honor was as much due to Mrs. Kendal personally as to the dramatic profession, and that she had singled out a woman whose purity of life had never been questioned, so as to emphasize the fact that all things were possible to those who were good and devoted. Much fun and some envy have been expended on Mrs. Kendal by other actresses, but she rejoices in the fact that the names of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grimston (Kendal) appear in the list of guests at a royal garden party in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. In the fact, too, that Mrs. Kendal picks and chooses her personal associates, and does not receive or visit ladies of doubtful reputation, lies an animus that is continually cropping out. Mrs. Kendal is considered not only to wear an "I am more virtuous than thou" expression, but to be inclined to proclaim her superior integrity of character to the world. Those actresses who rely rather on their historic achievements than that priceless jewel, long since placed in pawn, consider this ungenerous.

*

The Edwin Forrest Lodge of the Actor's Order of Friendship formed May 1, with thirty-eight members, has proved remarkably popular, and it now has a membership of 150. It makes it self-sustaining and prosperous at the outset. Among the prominent members are Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Stuart Robson, Joe Haworth, Steele Mackaye, W. H. Crane, Roland Reed and others. No man can become a member unless he has been on the "legitimate" stage at least three years. The lodge is a secret and benevolent one that provides $10 a week to any member who becomes ill and is destitute. This lodge is making a fight in behalf of protection to American actors and managers. Mr. Aldrich, the president, is particularly in earnest in opposing what he calls English invasion and English competition.

*

John R. Rogers has made a contract with Minnie Palmer by which, next season her affairs will be under the management of W. W. Randall and J. Charles Davis. In this way John R. Rogers will have nothing whatever to do with the business affairs of his wife. He says that his reason for all this is to enable him to spend more of his time with his wife than he has been able to do in the past. It is alleged, however that Mr. Rogers is going into the collar and cuff business, and he intends to take advantage of his wife's tour, traveling with her, and carrying samples of his goods and disposing of them to the very best advantage in the various cities he goes to. He thinks that if he combined the business of selling collars and cuffs with that of managing Miss Palmer he might possibly injure her prospects.

*

The records of European nobility reveal the names of La Marquise de Caux (Adelina Patti), Archduchess Adelbert of Bavaria (Fanny Ellsler), the Marchesa del Grillo (Ristori), Baroness von Wallhofen (Pauline Lucca), Vicontesse de la Panouse (Marie Hellbron), the Countess Miranda (Christine Nilsson), the Countess de Stankowitch (Mme. Lagrange), Vicontesse Vigier (Sophie Cruzelli), the Countess Sollivan (Charlotte Wolter), the Marchioness of Aylesbury (Dolly Tester, an opera bouffe singer), and Lady Thornton (Victoria Bale). Besides these Elise Hensler, the American prima donna, was married to the father of the present King of Portugal, and Virginia Rolsset, the famous French circus rider, is now Princess of Reuss.

*

Edwin Forrest always had a liking for Frank Chanfrau because he imitated him so well in that old piece he used to play, called Jeremiah Clip; or, the Stage-struck Barber. Once Forrest went with McArdle to see Chanfrau in this piece, and when Clip came on and imitated Forrest in Spartacus, Forrest looked at him, then began to feel himself as if wanting to be conscious of his own identity. Then finally hitting himself right in the chest, he said to McArdle: "By G—d, I'm here!"—as if for a moment he had really thought he might be there upon the stage.

*

This is from New York *Truth*: "It is wonderful how the glamor of the stage fascinates, and how those we least expect to have any connection with it, will dabble with it in some form or other. There is a provincial company in England, the boss of the show is Mr. Pitt Hardacre, his wife the leading lady. They take round pieces like East Lynne and underpaid artists. They make money, and are backed by—who do you think?—Joe Chamberlain, 'The Joe!'"

*

Miss Leona Dare, the well-known Queen of the Air, is one of the leading attractions in Paris, where she is rehearsing a "new act that will make their hair curl," so she says, and she ought to know.

*

Mrs. Scott Siddons, under Fred Pelham's direction, will begin her season of dramatic recitals at Denver, Col., September 16.

*

A report comes from London that Mrs. Shaw, the whistler, will shortly wear a British title after a very interesting church service.

*

Mrs. Jennie Kimball, mother of Corinne, is ill in Philadelphia with heart disease.

*

Nat Goodwin, the comedian, will open his season in Toronto on September 2.

*

Henry Irving is fifty-one years old.

A Long Sweep.

A citizen of Bar-sur-Aube, in France, by taking certain precautions, has managed to catch a glimpse of the light on the Eiffel Tower. He posted himself on a hill, 850 feet above the level of the sea, and having found the right direction by means of a mariner's compass, he was soon enabled to discover through his telescope, the luminous ray as it beamed through the valley of the Arvin. The distance between the Eiffel Tower and Bar-sur-Aube is exactly 100 miles as the crow flies, so that the circle represented by this radius covers one twentieth of the whole of France.

A Serious Case.

Customer—My watch won't go.

Jeweler (examining it)—My! My! Have you been in a railroad collision?

Customer (surprised)—Why, no.

Jeweler (solemnly)—When you undress you should not throw your vest down on the floor when your watch is in the pocket.

Customer (thoughtfully)—I never do. I have been exceedingly careful with that watch. Don't know how it got hurt. How long will it take you to fix it?

Jeweler (after another examination)—You'd better leave it here at least a week, but, if you can get along without it, I would advise two weeks.

Customer—Very well. Do it up right. Good day.

Jeweler (to assistant—Hans, blow that speck of dust off this wheel, and charge up five dollars for repairs.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Pater et Filius.

Verisophi, Sr.—It pains me to know I have a son who is treated with derision by his comrades.

Verisophi, Jr.—Aw! I—aw! beg pawdon, paw; but I—aw! don't undawstand yaw.

Verisophi, Sr.—I presume not. I can well believe a man who understands English as you do cannot understand it when it is spoken properly; but perhaps you may comprehend the meaning of this paper I found pinned to your coat when your roysterring companions placed you on the front steps this morning.

Verisophi, Jr.—Aw! indeed! Aw! will yaw please—aw! read it yaw mah! I—aw! left maw monocle awp sta aws, yaw knaw.

Verisophi, Sr.—

Here lies a thing without a brain,
A form to hang some clothes on;
Its head will soaked, but not with rain,
So gently turn the hose on. *N. Y. Life.*

A Corrected Sentence.

Teacher—Johnnie, is is proper to say "peaches is better than watermelons?"

Johnnie (who evidently has his likes and dislikes)—No, ma'am.

Teacher—Well, you may correct the sentence.

Johnnie—Watermelons is better than peaches.

A New Definition.

Teacher—Now my young friend, can you tell me what memory is?

Master Tommy (after a moment's hesitation)—Please, sir, memory is what you for-forget with.

The Rule That Worked Both Ways.

Magistrate—This is the eighth time that you have been brought here for having been found in a beastly state of intoxication.

Prisoner—Your honor, I am no drunkard. (Then assuming a tragic tone)—I drink only to forget.

Magistrate—That may be, but you never forget to drink.

Couldn't Get It There.

Woman—Aren't you afraid, my good man, that eating so much will give you indigestion?

Tramp—No, mum; quantity never gives me indigestion. It's quality what does that.

A Time for Everything.

Pastor—Are you a pretty good boy, Dick?

Dick—You bet I am when pop's around; he gives me nickels if I am, and takes nicks out of me with the strap when I ain't.

In Hamilton.

Miss Briggs (breathlessly)—Oh, ma, Mrs. Naggs next door has got a lawn-mower, brought it with her from the city, a beautiful red one, an' she's out tryin' it on her lawn now.

Mrs. Braggs—She is, eh? Just you run around to the drug store and git a can o' red paint, and quick as you git back dip a cloth in it and rub it all over our old carpet-sweeper, an' bring it out to me on the lawn. That woman ain't goin' to put on no airs over me!

On Diverse Strings

She Died.

For Saturday Night.

Lay a letter partly writ,
Lay a silken skein half knit,
As she left them lying there
And the shawl across the chair;
Broods a shadow on the hearth,
Yellow shows the new-turned earth—
In her womanhood's best pride
She died.

In the jewel-d dome afar
Somewhere beams another star,
Where the joyous hosts look down
Somewhere gleams another crown,
Somewhere fans a silver wing,
Somewhere chords a tuneful string—
For a triumph sanctified
She died.

E. W. SANDYS.

Is This The End?

For Saturday Night.

Oft you kissed me—do you regret it?
Once you loved me—do you forget it?
With your arms about me, oh, so near me.
Now thou art cold, and say you fear me.

I loved you, sweet—loved you so madly.
I love you still—but oh, so sadly
Slowly pass the days when thou art not near me:
Now when thou art cold and say you fear me.

With thy smile 'gain will come the daybreak.
Thy "come to me" will banish heartache.
With thy lips to mine, and thou so near me,
Wil you not trust me and cease to fear me?

Love often surging, 'mid st mad passion,
Appealing and demanding in mad fashion,
Is love still. Oh! sweetheart, do not fear me.
I'd give my hope of life to be near thee.

Since we parted, lonely, heavy-hearted—
Waiting for a message, oft I've started
One to thee, saying: "Sweet do not fear me;
Once again, dear love, let me be near thee!"

Ask from me no h ard promise, dearest,
As from one mistrusted, one thou fearest.
Tell me to come, an I that still you love me.
I love thee—I swear by Him above me!

Love's chains to me are welcome fetters.
On my mad heart is writ in letters
Burning: "I love thee!" Do you believe me?
If so, when, dear one, will you receive me?

If all the dear sweet past, love, has vanished;
If all hope of future love is banished,
Then now in mercy strike the blow and send
This one brief message: "This is the end!"

F. V.

Lost Treasures.

For Saturday Night.

O where are the faces that once used to meet us,
And light with their presence our dreariest mood?
O where are the voices that waited to greet us,
With laughter and mirth, when our prospects were good?

O they meet us no more with the old recognition,
Tony pass without even a nod or a smile;
Unsympathized with in our fallen condition,
The voices are silent that cheered us awhile.

O where are the eyes that would brighten with gladness,
And beam on us once in the kindliest ways?
O where is the pleasure that mashed our sadness,
In the presence of friends of those happier days?

O where is the love that was once our possession,
Whose favor was always an honor to win?
O where is the joy that made light of depression,
Before all the pain and the sadness came in?

Alas! O my heart! 'tis in vain thou art turning
To shadows and phantoms that long since have fled;
There is nothing left now to respond to thy yearning,
O dream not of pity among the cold dead!

O thus is our life! fair friendship may grieve us,
The smiles that we courted may greet us no more;
The friends that we trusted may some day deceive us,
And leave us with hearts that are saddened and sore.

O thus is our life! our love's tenderest token
Lies trampled and bruised, and who heedeth our pain?
The staff we had hoped to lean on is broken,
The life that we long for, we long for in vain.

SAM GREENWOOD.

At Sunset.

For Saturday Night.

O summer eve! closing so gently round us,
Sweet is thy power to calm the weary breast;
The toil, the cares, with which the day hath bound us,
Are past. We hail thy welcome hour of rest!
Wind of the west! awake from thy long sleeping,
Cool with thy spirit-touch the heated brow.
Sad bird of night! thy vigils still thou'rt keeping;
Chant then, thine evensong from yonder bough.
Behind the hill the daylight, disappearing,
Over the vale a parting smile bestows,
Mild dews from mother earth the flowers are cheering,
And each around its sweetest incense throws.
While in the west, to usher in the night
Venus, her handmaid, comes with silver light.

Kingston, Ont. ELIZABETH CLASTON.

In the Hall.

He fastened my cloak in the hall,
While the others were saying good-night,
And we seemed, of a sudden, alone,
Away from the music and light.

But the ribbons were knotted and caught
And only the fire in the hall;
Well—you know what a task in the dark
To untangle a *sortie du bal!*

But he looked like a prince in a book,
As he clasped it my roses above;
Then he lifted my hand to his breast
And just touched his lips to my glove.

Yet, while I sit dreaming to-night,
He, no doubt, is at some other hall,
And is kissing some other girl's hand,
And is breaking her heart in the hall.

L'ENVOI.

Sa.h a dear little girl! and, of course,
By this time, has forgotten it all:
B.t she blushed when I told her good-by,
When I fastened her cloak in the hall.

Noted People.

The Queen of Greece is a clever painter.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stow is seventy-seven years old.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is one of the most popular women orators in England.

It is distinctly interesting to know that Olive Schreiner's brilliant but audacious Story of an African Farm, reviewed in another column, was written between paroxysms of asthma.

It is said that Amelia Rives-Chanler has decided to give up literature and take to the brush and palette for future triumphs. The world may proceed to brace itself for the sight of her first picture.

The Queen is a lover of good tea, but only one man reaps the benefit of her tea-drinking habits, and he has supplied her all her life. She has chests of forty and fifty pounds at a time, and pays 4s. 6d. and 5s. a pound for it.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is accepted by those who know as one of the best cooks in New York. He is said to be a gourmet of the highest altitude, and his friends say he prepares with his own hands the biggest part of the menu at the private dinners he gives at his home.

Miss Mary N. Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock), was an invalid in childhood. Her mother, in order to comfort her for her inability to play out of doors, used to say: Never mind, my dear, if you can't play as the others do, you can do one thing they can't do—you can spell Popocatepetl."

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, is expected back in London by next September. He has already been booked for a series of lectures, the first of which is to be delivered early in October. He is to receive $250 a night for the lectures delivered in London and $400 a night for those in the provinces.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has a pen which has been his constant companion for 25 years. It is a gold pen, and, though he has written with it during all that long period, it is to-day as good as if it had only issued a week ago from the manufactory. The poet cannot write with any other pen, and cherishes his old servant with the greatest care and affection. He has a note-book almost as old—a tattered, torn, and limp note-book—which has been the depository of his thoughts and confidences for many years.

So accomplished a humorist as Marshall P. Wilder says in his new book that he doesn't object to chestnuts, nor does he find that people generally do. This opinion doesn't tally, however, with the observation of a New York *Tribune* correspondent, who sat on the box with an old stage driver out in Montana recently. They rode twenty miles in dead silence, and at last the driver turned around and said: "Pardner, I like you. When I fust see you I thort I didn't, but I do. You're the fust man that ever rid on the top o' my coach that didn't start out fer ter tell that gol derned old story about Hank Monk and Horace Greeley."

In a note to a French work which he has recently presented to Whitelands College, Mr. Ruskin asks the reader to "note generally that the compiler of this book was an ass." The somewhat fiery sage of Coniston explains that he has affixed certain marks to the illustrations. Thus: "X means good, XX better, XXX best, B, Bad, in the sense of stupid and vulgar. D, Damnable in the sense of abused skill and vile aim. Bx means essentially bad with good under qualities. There is no mark of xB, because if a thing be essentially good its failings are never to be minded. And no mark of BB, because when a thing is essentially bad it doesn't matter how bad."

Lady Carlisle recently invited a party of sturdy farmers from Cumberland and Yorkshire up to London, and took them around, showing them the House of Commons and all the "lions" of the great city. One of the London papers says: "No thought of the incongruity presented by the spectacle of twenty stalwart countrymen chaperoned by a peeress through the streets of the metropolis seems to have disturbed the generous mind of Lady Carlisle, whose defiance of conventionality in the sacred cause of goodwill, might with advantage be widely imitated." The example furnishes an excellent precedent for some of our mushroom aristocrats on this side of the water.

Lord Salisbury goes so little into general society that his qualities as a talker are not familiarly known. Yet no one can listen, even casually, to his conversation without appreciating the fine manner, full both of dignity and courtesy, the perfect freedom from pomposity, formality and self-assertion, and the dash of cynicism which modifies, though it never masks, the flavor of his fun. The combination of so much amiability, frankness and politeness in the intercourse of society with the inartistic insolence and unmannerly personalities which mark Lord Salisbury's public utterances, suggests the leading idea of a novel of Mr. Louis Stevenson's, to which it is a point of literary honor not more directly to allude.

The following extract from the Shah's diary gives an example of his humorous powers: "The picture of a donkey was seen, and I asked the price of it. The Director of the Exhibition, a fat, white-bearded man, who gave information about the prices, told me it was a hundred pounds sterling—equivalent to two hundred and fifty tumans of Persia. I remarked: 'The value of a live donkey is at the outside five pounds. How is it then, that this, which is but a picture of an ass, is to be paid so dearly for?' The director said: 'Because it is not a source of expense, as it eats neither straw nor barley (the eastern substitutes for hay and oats).' I replied: 'True; it is not a source of outlay; but neither will it carry a load, or give one a ride.' We laughed heartily."

The present Premiers of Victoria and New South Wales, Australia, have both "risen from the ranks." The Hon. Duncan Gillies of Victoria, arrived in the colony in 1852, at the age of twenty, and his first work there was breaking stones. He then became a gold digger, then a representative on the Ballarat Mining Court, and next a Member of Parliament. Sir Henry Parkes of New South Wales, emigrated from Warwickshire, in 1839, at the age of five-and-twenty, and found employment in Sydney as a foundry hand. His next business was toy making. He then started a debating club, and advocated the candidature of Robert Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke, as member for Sydney. Lowe, in return, became Parkes's patron, and when Lowe returned to England, Parkes naturally assumed his patron's political mantle.

An absurd story has long been current among stupid people with rampant prejudices, that Mr. Gladstone is habitually uncivil to the Queen. As a matter of fact the story is so ridiculously wide of the mark that it deserves mention only because, in itself false, it is founded on a truth which illustrates our subject. "I," said the Duke of Wellington on a memorable occasion, "have no small talk, and Peel has no manners." Mr. Gladstone has manners, but no small talk. Hence, we believe, the genesis of the absurd story just quoted about his demeanor to the Queen. The astute Lord Beaconsfield used to engage her Majesty in conversation about water-color drawing and the third-cousinships of German Princes. Mr. Gladstone harangues her about the polity of the Hittites, or the relations between the Athanasian creed and Homer. The Queen, perplexed and uncomfortable, seeks to make a digression, addresses a remark to a daughter, or offers biscuit to a begging terrier. Mr. Gladstone restrains himself with an effort, waits till the Princess has answered, or the dog has sat down, and then promptly resumes: "As I was saying ——."

M. Carnot (says a writer in *Murray's Magazine*) is dreadfully stiff and correct in everything, rather, in short, too conscientiously gentlemanlike and too scrupulously well-bred; but good breeding is, after all, a pleasant change after some preceding Republican specimens. He is, at all events, an honorable man; he spends liberally the money allowed for his expenses; gives excellent dinners and splendid balls, looking very well with his broad red ribbon, and receiving his guests courteously, with due regard to etiquette. He travels in the provinces, kisses fine babies, and shakes hands with the grimy sons of toil (not without some reluctance), makes sensible speeches, and is "*emu*" when he ought to be. Not having gone through the training of a constitutional Sovereign, which enables the Prince of Wales to be indefatigable, he gets violent headaches, and returns to the Elysee thoroughly tired out, where his wife awaits him, thoroughly enjoying the privileges of her position, skimming the cream of everything that is pleasant without any enforced duties; always gracious, always smiling, always beautifully dressed, and never obliged to be tired, consequently much happier than any queen.

English Dress Fashions.

If the Shah of Persia has an eye for the fashions, he will notice a very great difference in what is worn now and the dress of 1873. At that time waists were worn very short, and artificial protuberances were largely used in order to give the skirts outward inclination immediately below the bodice. At the back dresses were puffed out in very ugly fashion, and the trimmings were highly incoherent. The hair was worn in great masses, towering high above the brow, and extending, in equally liberal proportions, to the nape of the neck. The head thus looked almost as large as the shortened body.

At the present moment heads are worn small and waists long, except by those who adopt the Empire dress in its entirety. There are, as yet, comparatively few who do. There is usually a compromise about the waist, an effect of shortness being partly simulated by the arrangement of the sash. Dress is very pretty just now. Some of the gowns look as though some scores of miniature falling rocket sticks had alighted upon them. Others suggest a shower of caterpillars. The world is a little tired of stripes, dots, diamonds, and checks; therefore we have these oddly shaped and contortionate patterns.

The small bonnets are, on the other hand, a delightful change for the better. Last season's height of headgear was pronounced enough to draw down the condemnation of good taste. Nothing could be smaller, neater, or more becoming than the small flower bonnets of today. In the park almost every sort of blossom is represented upon them. It is a cause of good taste in dress that only those flowers that are in season shall be worn. Hitherto lilac, laburnum, daisies, button roses, and the other flowers of late spring have been in the majority, but now the rich tints of the nasturtium are to be seen, and every variety of the roses, whose special month this is. It is a little early for cornflowers, but these have appeared in the Row. Poppies are in season, and they are liberally patronized, not into the hideous fashion they wear in the fields, but in the lovely pale pink, yellow, and rich shaded crimsons of the cultivated variety. Black poppies are to be seen on bonnets, though nature will none of them.

Even the small bonnet is capable of being exaggerated in its smallness, as was proved by a lady who contented herself with pinning a few loops of white velvet ribbon upon the top of her head. As a rule, the maiden bonnet the more elaborate is the dressing of the hair, and this is so at the present moment.

The sailor hats have very narrow brims this year, much narrower than those of last season, and they are worn tilted well forward over the eyes. When the Shah was here before, both hats and bonnets were set on three hairs, as far back from the face as possible.

Every possible tint of tan appears on the shoes this year. On Sunday only black ones are seen in the park, and these are of the daintiest possible kind, with hose to match; but on week days the tan ones are considered correct with light dresses. Some are in the natural color of the Russian leather, while others range from a slightly deeper tone down through a gradation of shades of golden brown. It has been discovered that port wine and some sorts of claret produce a fine tint on the Russia, and amateur boot cleaners are making a fine art this year. The best wines make the best shoe dye, and in the opinion of many excellent persons this is a better use for the contents of the decanter than the more ordinary one.

The stockings must exactly match the shoes and they should be open-worked silk ones in order to touch the topmost note of the fashion. American ladies have diffused their notions of footgear among their English sisters, with the result that the very thinnest of soles are all that intervene between the feet of some of our English maidens and the very scrunchy gravel in the park.

It was rumored at the beginning of the season that black stockings were going out and white ones coming in. This has proved to be a mistake. Open-worked black silk stockings are worn with every kind of dress, including white ones and others of light tints. It is the chic thing to have shoes, stockings, gloves, and sunshades exactly alike in color, and in the evening it is absolutely indispensable that the stockings and shoes shall precisely match either the dress or its trimmings.

Sunshades are made of the same fabric as the dresses with which they are carried, and many of the bonnets are composed of a little bit of the embroidery with which the dress is trimmed. In the case of a wonderful gown seen in the park the embroidery of steel and silver was of a highly ornate kind, and one band of it, passed round the hair at the back, formed the bonnet.—*London Telegraph.*

The Earl of Fife.

The above portrait of the Earl of Fife, the affianced husband of Princess Louise of Wales, will be of interest to many of our readers. Several portraits of the Princess have already appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT. In this particular instance public attention naturally centers round the bridegroom. The bride elect is already an interesting personage as an English princess and for once it is the bridegroom elect who is suddenly raised on a pedestal and made the object of public curiosity by virtue of his approaching marriage with the royal family.

"Gath" Sees Bernhardt in Paris.

The Armand Duval was an angular fellow, with stiff hair and no tact. Bernhardt appeared, a large, now gaunt, woman, bosomless, but with good, long affectionate arms. A Jewess, she is not likely to stray back to Palestine, but is a Parisian from the ground up. Her forehead low, her eyes not very expressive, her skin pale, she owes her influence to a voice which rolls out the French like music, giving to this pretty, superficial language the authority of a sacred and burning tongue. She also is an artist of movement, without gesture, except when it is requisite, and then the gesture is like one of tranquil mind taking up a pair of tongs and clearing the house. A lady of perfect equanimity and aristocratic training, she has a whole fireplace inside of her Semitic nature, and occasionally she rakes the grate, and you see in her barred face of ashes the live coals flash. She knows that stage so well you dare not imagine that she ever saw it before; the littlest things she does are things of study, but the processes are extinguished. Her moving to and fro seems graceful impulse, but it is calculated art, and yet calculated like the chemist's balance—to the ounce of action.

You must be a skeptic and your ear open to tell-tales to believe that when Bernhardt walks behind that sofa, which is midway of the stage, and acts from it with only her shoulders and head, she is not chased there by a sense of beautiful and fawn-like fear. She does many striking things, sitting, and by her mere looking up as she sits producing the sense of interest. As the world grows wealthier it likes grace, and here is, out of the mortal depths of life, so to speak, Ninon de l'Enclos walking about; here is the Magdalen, but Mary still, who could make Jesus feel the precious wealth of her inner and external grace, and, lifting her up, felt how gentle was her rising, as if to be forgiven was her art.

Nothing wonderful there was in this acting; it was soothing, musical and touching. The tones were simulated but by genius, and in time your tears would flow.

I observed that, like many notable actresses, she had a strong column of neck. Voice, elocution, expressive action, half employed fire were her charms. She was like a mare you drive and wonder what she would be like if she should run away.

The piece itself, now above a third of a century old and its author living, is the most Parisian and the most permanent of modern compositions. I was barely of age in France when it was being read as a novel and seen as a play and opera; for Camille and Traviata are the same.

A Little Tot of Four Nearly Breaks Up Talmage's Audience.

Every seat in the Brooklyn Tabernacle was occupied last Sunday morning, says the New York *Herald*. The famous clergyman was in the midst of a most interesting sermon, and the ten thousand eyes of the congregation were riveted in interested expectancy upon the expressive face and gesticulative figure of the noted divine. The stillness of death, except for the exhortations of the pulpit orator, pervaded the huge edifice. Down in the centre of the church, almost crowded out of sight by her older neighbors, a black-eyed little tot of four years nestled close to her mother's skirts.

The hairless pate of an aged worshipper loomed up directly before the bright eyes of the little miss. A common house-fly circled around the child and finally alighted on the top of the gentleman's head.

It stood motionless for a second and then moved softly over the smooth and shiny surface. The aged gentleman was deeply engrossed in Dr. Talmage's sermon, and, for a while, evinced no uneasiness from the ticklish manners of the little insect.

All the while the child's eyes followed the movements of the fly. She was deeply interested, and looked around to see if somebody else wasn't enjoying the scene.

Suddenly the old gentleman's arm shot up, and came down with a resounding whack upon his cranium. The little one behind had been waiting for this, and sliding out of her seat before her mother could check her, she placed her chubby little hands on the old fellow's shoulders, and peering over into his face, unmindful of the time and place, asked with much animation: "Did 'oo kill it?"

Those Horrid Reporters Again.

Amy—There, that horrid reporter has done us a mean, spiteful thing.

Lu—What is it?

"I told him I was going with you, Clara and Elsie to the walking-match and he set it up a 'talking-match.' No more kisses for him."

"No indeed; not one."

Outgrown His Father.

Mr. Hawbeck—You ain't seen my son afore, have yer?
City Visitor—Why, no. Very likely boy, isn't he? Takes after his father.
Mr. Hawbeck—You bet he does, when he gets riled. Took after me four times round the barn this mornin' 'cause I spoke kind 'r irritated to him.—*Judge.*

Heart Easing Mirth.

Dillie—Why, who taught you how to swim
Dollie—A doctor of dive-in-ity. (Dives)

A contemporary wants to know "whether etiquette demands a waistcoat on a hot day." If it does it can have ours.

Maude—I tasted whisky for the first time.
May—Indeed! Where?
Maude—On Charlie's mustache!

O fresh-fish fiend! have in preparation—
Sing me! the cursed nuisance that you are—
For you an interesting combination:
Sing me! the fluffy feather and the tar.

She—Darling, do you love me?
He (kissing her rapturously and repeatedly)—Do I? I wish you were a two-headed girl. That's all I can say!

T. Raveler—I visited the Cologne cathedral while away.
Mr. Stayhome—The odor of sanctity was very noticeable there, I suppose.

"Ah, madame," said the tramp, "I haven't had a mouthful for two days." "Why, I gave you a whole pie yesterday." "So you did, mum—so you did. But the two days I refer to are to-day and to-morrow, mum."

Rosie—Just hear that Miss Scrawnie titter. All she prays for in this world is to catch a husband.

Josie—Yes, even when she laughs she can't help saying, He! he! he!

Between a doctor and his wife.
You really believe that these medical congresses do good?
Of course I do! They keep the doctors away from their patients.

Clara—What a terrible noise that wagon makes!
George—Yes, it's dreadful, isn't it?
"What makes it groan so, George?"
"Why, it's filled with green apples."

Tim—If me employer does not rethract what he said to me this mornin', I shall lave his sarvice.
Phelim—Why, phwat did he say?
Tim—Sure he told me I could look for another place!

On a horse car.
First lady—Do take that seat. I don't mind standing a bit.
Second lady—No, you take it. You are older than I. An ominous silence, during which an old gentleman pops into the seat.

Clerk—There, sir, I call that a pretty good-fitting pair of trousers.
Farmer Stubblefield (from Wayback Junction)—They feel all right in the seat, Bub; but, seems to me, they don't fit very snug under the arms.

Mr. Bowie (of Arkansas)—A committee of our best citizens, Mr. Smith, is waiting in the hotel parlor to receive you.
Mr. Smith (who is visiting the town)—Best citizens! Great Scott! What have I done to be lynched?

Nurse—It is all right, madam. You must expect the baby to cry a little when it is first born.
Boston Mamma—It distresses me to hear him. Couldn't you get Emerson's essays and read him a few pages?

In a restaurant.
Waiter, is not this soup rather salt?
Not extra-salt, sir.
Good heavens, could anything be more salted?
The waiter, good-naturedly,
Your bill, sir!

As Jones and Robinson leave the cemetery (Jones looks broken-hearted.)
Robinson—I can quite understand, old man, that the thought of all these dead——
Jones—Oh, that don't worry me: I'm mad that we can't bury all the fellows who deserve it.

The official assignee making his inventory.
The assignee to his clerk—Enter a bottle of port.
The clerk (opening and smelling the bottle)—It's Madeira.
Ten minutes later—
The assignee—Enter an empty bottle.

First Doctor—You have been spreading the report that I have poisoned several people in this town. I want you to take it back.
Second Doctor—Certainly, I don't hesitate to say that there are several people in this town whom you have not yet poisoned. Hope you are satisfied now.

Mr. Strongmind—What trash are you reading now?
Mrs. Strongmind—Belva Lockwood's book, My Effort to Get to the Bar.
Mr. Strongmind—Why didn't she ring the bell and have her lemonade brought to her room?

"How old are you?" a rude boy asked
A very ancient maid;
And thus the antique spinster tasked,
In gentle accents said—
"Pray look at the thermometer."
The graceless boy obeyed,
And with a smile he answered her—
"You're sixty-one
When in the sun,
And forty in the shade."

"So you want to marry Private Malone's widow. She is old enough to be your mother. Surely a smart young fellow like you could find a nice young girl who would take you."
Private T. Atkins—Young girls is well enough, sor, but I likes my dinner 'ot, and I noticed Private Malone always 'ad his dinner 'ot, so I 'opes as you'll give me lave, sor.—*London Judy.*

A bright little lad sitting by his father's side in a pew of the Green Ridge Presbyterian church, Sunday morning, was given a coin to put upon the collection plate. No sooner had he deposited the coin than in a loud whisper and excited manner he asked: "Papa, have you saved any circus money?" A smile broad enough to go over a large section of pews, was compelled by the circumstances.

"Now boys,' asked the miser, as twelve pair of eyes gazed hungrily at the steak over which he invitingly held the knife and fork, "How many of you will take a nickel and go to bed without any supper?" With visions of tops, marbles and similar attractions, there was a ready chorus of "I's," but alas for their bright-hued dreams! In the morning, refreshed by sleep, their appetites whetted to a ravenous degree, the old man asked: "And now, who will give five cents for his breakfast?"

At the seaside.
Dreamer—How delightful it is to gaze on the ocean, with its ever-changing panorama of sails, Never did the saying, "One thought suggests another," seem more truthful. Observe that low-masted barque, with its cargo of Castillian wines and costly laces. "Oh, lovely Spain, renown'd, romantic land." Now see that white-sailed German schooner, laden——
Screemer (yawning)—Ya-as, that's so. Let 'em send up another!

The Bible Was His Guide.

Preacher—You must "love your neighbor as yourself."
Smith—I do; she's a lovely widow, and oh!!!
Preacher retires.

Society in the West.

Mrs. Gotham—So you live in Kansas City? I suppose you know Mrs. Van Astor who moved there from New York!
Mrs. De Boom—Not intimately. The fact is, she is not in my set. She associates with very respectable people, of course—lawyers, preachers, bankers, manufacturers, and such folks, but she has not been admitted into the real estate circle.

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS REGEAVED.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Tom Darley had not been near enough to hear; but he had been quite near enough to see. Skulking behind the thick shelter of the shrubbery and crouching low when he came to stunted bushes of holly or laurel, he had slowly crept alongside the couple who were sauntering together by the water's edge.

He had watched their meeting—the glad quickening footsteps, the bright smile on either side, and the clinging contact of the eagerly outstretched hands. And then they walked together, deeply engrossed in each other; his head had been bent towards her, her face upturned to his. Once some strong emotion had shaken the man so that he had seemed almost to weep, and during these moments Kathleen's hand had rested upon his arm with a soft caressing motion. At the sight Tom Darley had shaken his fist at them. Then he had seen them part—had watched how Sir Adrian lifted her hand to his lips, and then how they had turned away rapidly in opposite directions.

In these days Tom Darley's passions had reached such a pitch of despair, jealousy, and suspicion that it resembled madness rather than love. Brooding upon one idea now for over three years had rendered him no longer a reasonable human being, but something much akin to an unreasoning wild beast. He had too the strange cunning of a lunatic: he could pretend to be a quiet, silent man, going unobtrusively about his business and occupied only in seeking for respectable employment so as to delude completely as to his nature those whom he mixed with.

Long previously he had given up his farm and his honest work in order to devote himself to what he deemed the great object of his existence. He had some money laid by—enough to keep him in idleness; and having sold for a small sum of ready money the goodwill of the acres where he had once worked so industriously, he had been able to exist upon this in comfort.

In order to remain in the neighborhood of Clortell Towers, he had installed himself in a humble lodging in a farm house at no great distance from the Castle; he gave out that he was a gamekeeper out of place, and that he desired to get an engagement on Lord Elwyn's estate; and he contrived also to keep his old cob at the livery stables of the village inn, in order to be able to go out hunting with the hounds n et near, with the sole object of gazing at Kathleen and of keeping a watch over her. Thus for some time he had been on the spot, and had been able to dog her footsteps and follow her proceedings in a manner totally unsuspected by her.

When he had given her a promise a short time before to leave her alone until her twenty-first birthday, he had no intention of going away, only of keeping as far as he could out of her sight, so that she might not be troubled by his presence. In spite of his spying and prying, Tom was very considerably bewildered in his mind as to Kathleen's admirers. He knew of course, as did every body, high and low, upon the estate, that Sir Adrian Deverell was the promised husband of Lady Elwyn's niece, Miss Maitland, and that their wedding, before Lord Elwyn's death, had been actually fixed for the first week in February. Therefore his suspicions had naturally fallen more upon Colonel Elwyn than upon Adrian. Moreover, he had more than once followed Alfred and Kathleen home after a day's hunting, and had discovered that they invariably rode home together. For a long time Adrian had carefully avoided Kathleen in the hunt field; he had not had occasion to suspect his real feelings towards her.

On the other hand, he had never been able to make out satisfactorily who it was whom he had seen with her three years before in the kitchen-garden. Upon this long ago moonlit night, when he had peered through the bars of the old iron gateway, he had seen a man walking with Kathleen whose arm had been round her waist and who had kissed her lips. That memory had never faded from his mind, and had seethed like madness in his blood ever since; but, for all that, he was not able to determine who that man had been. He had seen Kathleen plainly, because the moon had shone upon her; but he had not seen the face of the man who kissed her, because it was turned away from him and was in the shadow.

Neither was he absolutely certain that it must have been Colonel Elwyn, because he had never been able to ascertain whether Colonel Elwyn had been at the Castle on that day or whether he had arrived there only twenty-four hours later. Altogether there was much confusion in his mind about the whole matter. Sometimes he fancied there must be a third man in whom Kathleen was interested; sometimes, again, he endeavored to cheat himself with the fond belief that her heart was really his, although her love of money and position stood between them.

The perception of the impossibility of a union between himself, the rough-bred farmer, and Lord Elwyn's heiress never came home to him in the least. In his eyes she was always the little Kathie he had known in the old days, dressed in print gowns and sun-bonnets like any other village maiden, tending her bees and flowers, handling the beer can to thirsty haymakers, and lending a helping hand with cake or sickle at whatever work was going on at the farm. In those days she had plighted her troth to him; and in poor Tom's eyes that promise made her his. No change of clothes or station could alter the irrevocable fact that she belonged to him, and no other man had a better right to her than himself.

There was something pitiable in his devotion and his doggedness, and something alarming too; for Tom Darley had within him passions which were ungovernable and savage, and which needed only to be ignited to blaze out into what would render him actually dangerous. Now, as he slowly followed Kathleen's slight figure, keeping well in the distance and dodging behind shrubs and trees, he muttered savagely to himself as he went. It seemed to him that she was not only false but vile.

"She's no better than she should be!" he said to himself. "If she loved one man honestly, it would not be so bad; but she don't. She can't even let Miss Maitland's sweetheart alone—shame on 'er! I wonder which it be she's sweet on—him or the other? Ah, I'll find out which of 'em it is, and I'll punish 'er through 'im which ever it be—curse 'im!"

Kathleen had gone into the house. Tom crouched down below the wall of the terrace and waited. It was getting dark now, for it was five o'clock; but the windows of the small drawing-room were uncurtained, and a bright fire lit up the room with the brilliance of day to the eyes of the watcher. He knew by previous experience that it was here, since her father's death, that Kathleen habitually sat, for the most part in solitude; and presently, accordingly, he saw her come into the room, fling her hat and jacket upon a sofa, and proceed to hold up the damp skirt of her dress to the warmth of the fire. She rang the bell, and a footman brought in a lamp. He was about to close the curtains; but apparently she told him not to do so, and gave him some other order, for he withdrew quickly. Thereupon by the gathering darkness, cautiously drew near to the windows and crouched down by the house.

Kathleen seemed to be waiting for some one. With aimless uncertain movements, she strayed restlessly about the room, taking up a book and putting it down again, drawing a chair forward and then pushing it back again. Frequently she raised her hand to her head as though distracted by her thoughts, and then she leaned against the mantelpiece stuying the hands of the clock as though she were counting the seconds as they flew.

He could see her slight figure delineated against the fire-glow; its dainty outlines, in the close-fitting black dress, were full of suppleness and grace. She rested her elbow upon the mantelshelf and her cheek upon her hand, and the flickering light played upon her sweet pale face and reflected itself in the deep blue of her eyes. Even Darley was touched by the tender charm of her beauty. If she had lost somewhat of the careless freedom of the country-bred girl of three years ago in days gone by, she had gained infinitely in a certain subtle refinement, which was no doubt born in her, and which education and association had cultivated to the utmost during the past three years.

"What a beauty she be!" murmured the rough man to himself admiringly. "What a lady she do look! And she is mine—mine! I swore I'd do for any man as came between us to stack her from morning to evening; he might be—and so I will! Only let me be sure which it is—that's all!"—and then he crouched down again and watched her.

Presently the door opened. The hidden watcher held his breath; he believed he was about to see Sir Adrian Deverell. The man who entered was the new Lord Elwyn.

"You sent for me, Kathleen?"

She went towards him quickly, with a little tremor of excitement.

"I feel that I must speak to you,' she said, nervously. "It is not right—it is not fair to you, Lord Elwyn—to delay what I have to say to you!"

He frowned a little, and his saturnine face looked a shade more grim than usual, as he stood looking down upon her.

"What do you mean? And why do you not call me by my Christian name?"

She took no notice of the question, but went on hurriedly:

"I do not know what you will say to me, or whether perhaps you may not be very angry with me; and yet it is worse that we should go on like this, and that I should leave you in ignorance. I have wished for an opportunity of seeing you alone; but you have been so busy, and I so unhappy with my own grief in my own room, that I have not known how to seek an interview till this evening. When I can e in, they told me you were disengaged; and so I thought I might venture to send for you."

"Pray explain your meaning, Kathleen," he said somewhat coldly and sternly. To what does this long and mysterious preamble lead?"

"Only—only that I cannot be your wife."

"What!" He caught her by the wrist, almost with a savage violence, and he held her tightly. "How dare you say such words to me?"

"Do not— You hurt my hands!" she cried. "Oh, do not look so angry! You must know that this engagement between us can have no real binding force. The promise I gave you was wrung from me by my poor father's condition. Everybody must have told you that to contradict him might be fatal to him. I did not dare to oppose him. You must have known that; you must have seen it in my face—in my eyes. You must surely understand that in such a position as mine I was not a free agent!"

"What I understand is that you are bound to me by the most solemn oath by which it is possible for woman to bind herself to a man—that across your dying father's body you swore to be my wife, and that you will merit his curse in this world, and in the next, if you break your oath to him now that he is dead!"

There was a brief silence. Lord Elwyn had spoken solemnly and impressively; subduing his rage, he had felt that the gravity of his appeal was the best chance he had of carrying his point. But she spoken very seriously and sternly. Kathleen hung her head; she could not fail to be moved by such solemn words. For a few moments she had thought the hare of her heart failed her. Was she indeed bound to this man, whom she certainly feared and almost began to hate? Then came a revulsion of her whole nature. Ten thousand times no! It was impossible! Heaven could not be so unjust or man so cruel!

"He will not curse me!" she cried, flinging up her head bravely. "My father—who is now in heaven, and who, if he sees me at all, will be able to judge of my motions far more rightly than he could whilst he was on earth—will not allow those words which affection for him and consideration for his health caused me to utter to be brought up in judgment against me. You cannot frighten me with a conjured-up vision of his spiritual vengeance, Lord Elwyn. I refuse to be frightened—and I refuse to marry you!"

"Kathleen!"

"Listen to me! Do not be angry!" She came up to him and laid her hands upon his arm. "Do not become my enemy because I decline to be your wife! I have perhaps better and stronger reasons than you can possibly guess for what I am doing."

"Ah—some other man—that vile low intriguer perhaps!" he hissed furiously.

"No, no—no other man! I am not going to marry at all. I am going to find some lady who will come and live with me, so that I may make a home for myself. That is what I have determined to do. I will marry neither you nor any other man."

"This is pure childishness! How can a girl so young, so pretty, so wealthy as you are, remain unmarried? You want me to believe that you are going to be an old maid you who are not yet twenty-one? It is ridiculous!"

"Ridiculous or no, it is what I am going to do; it is the firm conviction that I have come to within the last hour. There are reasons, Lord Elwyn, that would make it absolutely dangerous for me to marry you. I cannot explain; but, believe me, it is so. I cannot with safety marry either you or—or any other man; and, although there is certainly one man on earth I might marry, yet I so loathe the thought of uniting my fate to his that to remain an old maid, as you put it, would be a life of supreme happiness in comparison with it. Lord Elwyn, be reasonable. Implore you! You are not at all in love with me—"

"Kathleen, how can you say so! I who worship and adore you!" he cried enthusiastically.

"No, no—I know better. What you worship is my position, and the fortune which my father has left to me."

"Great heavens, how can you insult me like that!"

"It is not an insult; it is the truth—and you know it. You think it hard that the money should go away from the title, and you would like to marry me so that the two might be united. Well, I am quite of your opinion—I think it hard too. It would be much better if the money went to the owner of Clortell—far better for you to have it than me. Lord Elwyn, I do not want all this money. Give me enough to live upon in moderate comfort in London, and the rest and let me go free."

His breath literally failed him from sheer amazement. He could not speak.

"Don't you see that in this way," she continued, "we shall each have what we want—you the money, and I my freedom? Let us settle it so!"

For one wild moment it seemed to him that it was feasible and possible to take her at her word and to arrange matters in this way. Then his sober senses returned to him, and he recollected that Miss Elwyn's fortune was in the hands of a whole legion of executors and trustees, that wills are not upset at the pleasure of a minor, and that quixotic gifts of capsules of ninety thousand pounds are not permitted to be bestowed without much scrutiny and many legal investigations. What the girl, in her innocence and ignorance, had suggested so glibly and easily was clearly an absolute and utter impossibility. This becoming plain to him in a few moments, he grew only the angrier and harder towards her for it.

"Pshaw! you are talking like a child—an ignorant and foolish child! You cannot give away your money or upset a will; your trustees would not allow it. The Duke of Cawthorn is your father's executor. Do you suppose he would sanction such a mad proceeding? No, Kathleen; there is only one way in which you can dispose of your money, and that I can take it—and that is by becoming my wife. You are wrong in saying that I love only your money. I love you too. You are young and women and charming; I set my heart upon you years ago, when I first saw you, and I have wanted you ever since; and, by Heaven, I mean to have you!"

Suddenly he drew her towards him, and, before she could evade or resist him, he clasped her in his arms and kissed her fiercely on the brow and eyes.

"Here is my answer!" he cried, fired by the contact of so fair a form, so soft and fair—and this is my last word about it!"—and then he released her and, laughing shortly and triumphantly, left the room.

She slid, half fainting, from his grasp down upon her knees on the floor, and buried her face shudderingly in her hands. She felt herself degraded and defiled by his touch; and, though in her wild struggle for liberty she had managed to keep her lips safe from his unmanly attack, her face seemed ready to burn and scorch with the pollution of his touch.

There came into her mind a wild thought of flight—to escape from all the horrors of her position; for she felt unnerved and frightened by the scene she had gone through. She would have been more frightened still could she have seen the pale haggard face that peered through the window at her cowering, shrinking form.

Tom Darley's hand was already upon the window catch; already he had made the discovery that it was unsecurely fastened, and that one vigorous shake would be sufficient to force it open. He was on the point of opening it and entering when something stayed his hand and made him draw back again and wait. The door of the boudoir was again opened, and Sir Adrian entered the room. Tom shrank down again and waited ed.

He saw Kathleen spring to her feet at his entrance and dash away the tears from her eyes with an impetuous gesture of despair. He could not hear the words of this interview any more than he had been able to hear those of the previous one, although he had strained every nerve to listen. He only saw that Adrian's face was full of a deep and unmistakable emotion as he spoke to the girl in low and earnest tones, and he saw in his eyes that abandonment of love and tenderness which is reflected upon the features of every true-hearted man as he talks to the one woman on earth whom he loves. Tom, rough and common as he was, was not mistaken at all in that expression; he understood it quite as well as if he had been an educated and polished gentleman. He ground his teeth and clenched his hard coarse hands in impotent fury. These two men loved her! Which of the two did she favor? For which—then did she mean to throw over her early love and bestow the sweet heart of her youth? That was what Tom Darley intended to find out.

He could see much from the interview he now witnessed. Kathleen seemed to be distracted with grief; Sir Adrian seemed to be entreating her to confide the source of her trouble to him. He held her hands, he looked pleadingly into her tear-stained face, he seemed to be endeavoring to console and comfort her; but he did not stay long. Suddenly he dropped her hands, and, with a few grave words, to which she listened with drooping head and downcast eyes, turned and left her. As the door closed softly behind him, Kathleen flung herself passionately face downwards upon the sofa and sobbed as if her heart would break. Now was Tom Darley's time. He pushed the French window inwards—it yielded easily to his touch—and softly entered the room.

Kathleen, half suffocated by her sobs, heard him not, saw him not. He came and stood close by her, watching her heaving shoulders, her dishevelled hair, the convulsive motion of her laboring breath; a curious mingling of passions was in his dark, uncouth face—love, hatred, jealousy, the tenderest compassion and the deepest scorn chased each other in rapid succession over his rough hewn features. Suddenly he put forth his hand and laid it on her shoulder. She started violently, and sprang upon the sofa, and at the sight of him uttered a smothered cry and turned deadly pale.

"Which is it, Kathie—which is it?" he said, in a low hissing whisper. "It's all I wanted to ask of ye—which of them two is it—which—which?"

"What do you mean, Tom?" she gasped, pressing her hands with all her strength upon her throat to stop the almost convulsive cries which in her unnerved state seemed to be forcing their way into existence. "How did you come here, Tom? Who let you in?" She grew calmer as she asked the questions.

"Never you mind, Kathie. Answer me what I ask of you. I've seen 'em both, mind—seen 'em with my own eyes; so you can't deceive me or lie to me. Is it the man as kissed you so hard and held you so tight in his arms—the new Lord Elwyn—who is him as has come between you and me? Is it that the man? Or is it the other—him as went out just this minute, Miss Maitland's sweetheart—as is makin' up to you and making ye false to me?"

"Oh, no, no, no! Not for worlds, wildly, half beside herself with terror—for there was something in the very calmness of his questionings which seemed to foretell a terrible end, and to revive again all her worst and most horrible fears "No, no, Tom—it's not he—not Sir Adrian Deverell! He is, as you say, Miss Maitland's lover; he is nothing to me—nothing—I do not even like him! He talks to me about—about her; to me he is nothing—nothing—nothing!"

She clutched at his hands in her desperate terror, grasping them tight and pressing them hard between her own.

"Ah, then it is the other—it is Lord Elwyn!" he said slowly; and his eyes looked black and gloomy. "If it ain't one, Kathie, it's t'other! Ye can't noodwink me—I've seen too much! It's Lord Elwyn as stands between us, lass! Don't you go for to deny it! It ain't Sir Adrian, it be the new lord. Is it him?"

"Yes, yes—it is he!" she answered distractedly. "It is no one else—it is he!"

"Thank you, my girl! Then now I knows for certain." And, without another word, he turned and went quickly out into the night again.

"Oh, merciful Heaven, forgive me!" burst with an exceedingly bitter cry from her white and trembling lips. She flung up her arms wildly, and then fell back on the floor in a dead swoon.

(To be Continued.)

A Natural Mistake.

"For goodness sake, are you smoking tobacco," asked a minister as he met one of his Sunday school scholars in a back alley.

"No," said the boy as he took a two-for-a-nickel out of his mouth and slowly ran out his tongue to see if it was all there. "No, I'm smoking cabbage leaves."

Both Went.

"Does that go!" asked Algernon, after Penelope had said "no" very decidedly.

"It does," replied Penelope; "and you should follow its example."

He followed.

As Unconcerned Man.

Popinjay—Bishop is the most unconcerned man I ever knew.

Dumpsey—How so?

Popinjay—Why, the other day I stopped at his house during a thunder storm. Pretty soon he drove into the yard, and just as he jumped out of the buggy the lightning struck his horse and killed it as dead as a doornail. What do you suppose that man said? Why he strolled up to the piazza steps, scraped his feet on the scraper, and says he: 'That was a plaguey lucky thing, Popinjay. I always did hate to unharness in the rain.'"

A Business-like Answer.

Mr. Dash—Now, sir, let's have an understanding. You owe me £10.

Mr. Smash—I know I do.

"Let me ask you a plain question, then. Do you intend to pay me!"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Confound it, why didn't you say so before? Here I've called twenty times for that bill, and this is the first time I've received a straightforward answer. Good morning, sir!"

Fatherly Solicitude.

Mrs. Skinnphlint (anxiously)—James, I am alarmed about Johnny. He has been away all the afternoon. I am afraid he is lost.

Mr. Skinnphlint—It's more likely he has run away for good. And it's been only three weeks since I had that boy vaccinated. (Gloomily) Cost me a dollar!—*Chicago Tribune.*

He Had Made Sacrifices.

Captain (sympathetically)—You don't seem to love the sea, Mr. Jones.

Seasick Passenger—Well, I ought to; I've given up almost everything for it.

A Considerate Mother.

Neighbor—You seem to be very tired, Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown—Yes; I have been out in the garden hiding Easter eggs in the grass for the dear children to find them. It is such fun for them.

A Sympathetic Servant.

Coachman—What's the matter with you?

Maid—I can't bear to see how the cook steals from the mistress. From now on I'm going to steal, too.

Flowery Language.

German officer (to awkward recruit)—You wretched jackanapes! look how you hold that gun. A stable-boy with a dung fork in his hands looks like Neptune with trident when compared with you.

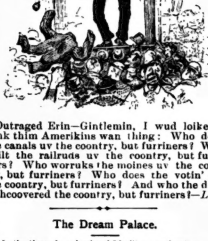
Breaking It Gently.

Wife—He is very sick, isn't he, doctor?

Doctor—Yes, indeed.

"Well, doctor, if there is anything very serious the matter with him, tell me all about it in such a way that I can't understand it."

A Clincher.



Outraged Erin—Gintlemin, I wud loike to ask thim Americkins wan thing: Who dug the canals uv the country, but furriners? Who built the railruns uv the coontry, but furriners? Who worruks the moines uv the country, but furriners? Who does the votin' fur the country, but furriners? And who the divil dishcoovered the coontry, but furriners?—*Life.*

The Dream Palace.

In the time of my youthood I built a grand palace,
I built it of crystal and silver and gold,
There every delight was in the chalice
That was quaffed by the lovely Egyptian of old.
Oh, my soul was on fire, and my heart it was beating
With joy upon joy that pressed thick on my brain;
Visions so bright round my rapt soul were flitting,
That for me upon earth was an Eden again!

The sweetest of flowers grew there in profusion,
Bright streamlets ran laughing and singing along;
The rarest of birds bleat, with naught of confusion,
Their soft notes mingled in heavenliest song.
Bright Zoe crowned the heavens in fullest of splendor,
Silver-robed Cynthia sat regal on her throne,
And each lovel star shed its light pure and tender,
And music rang out as it swept round i's zone.

Then came the keen blast of the dark, dreary winter,
The cold, cruel breath of a hard-hearted world,
And swept off my glories where'er it did enter,
And all my bright palace to ruin was hurled.
Now the world notes inspirations in heavenliest song,
And long for the moment when I shall be laid
In the sweet embrace of death, peacefully sleeping
In you gloomy churchyard deep, deep in its shade.

On a Scotch Railroad.

Among other passengers are an American and a Scotch farmer, who are seated facing each other.

American—Wall, friend, guess yeow think a deal of this ole country of yeours.

Farmer—Oo, ay; it' guid eneuch for me at onyrate.

American—'S that so. Guess yeou've never seen the States! Graand country—jest make yeou stare. Cost yeou could make yeour fortin in a year or two, friend; I'll lay my last dollar on that there!

Farmer—Ah man, d'ye say sae! But yer American bodies are siccan atrocious leaves that ower here we dinna believe a word ye say.

American—Wall, friend, guess my mouth never uttered a lie in all my larnation career.

Farmer—Wall, maybe you're richt; for, like the rest o' yer kind, yer speak through yer nose.

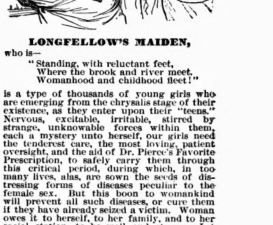
No Section for Melons.

Farmer, newly arrived—Is this a good section for raising melons, neighbor Jenkins?

Jenkins—No, not very.

Newly arrived farmer—Why not? Soil's just right, climate's right, there's a good market, only thirty miles away.

Jenkins—Well, I'll tell you neighbor why it don't pay. There is a colored family three miles back, in the hills—nine grown-up boys, and the old man's the smartest of the lot.



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CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

He turned a corner of the leafy winding lane and stood still with a half-smothered imprecation upon his lips, seeing before him, and unconscious of him, the two figures which he had more than expected to see. They had only just met; Guy could tell that from the words that his brother was speaking—speaking in a discontented, irritable tone, plainly angry with him for being there, perhaps ashamed, yet curious and wondering too.

"You've kept me waiting a precious long time, Mr. Dwight! I've been here about a second less than twenty minutes. If you make mysterious appointments, my friend, you should learn to keep them."

"I made a mistake in the time, Mr. Oldcastle," Gabriel Dwight returned, with no perceptible ruffling of his polite blandness, although the other's tone had been as insolently contemptuous as it well could be. Indeed Duke despised himself for being there almost as much as he did the man who commanded, he had found himself too weak and too curious to resist. "I am exceedingly sorry," said Gabriel Dwight courteously.

"Well, what is it that you want with me, now that you are here?" Duke asked ungraciously, after a pause which he waited vainly for the other to break. "You have been at cheiv up some cock and bull story, it strikes me, or some one has hatched up one for you and taken you in with it. And I must say that I don't see how on earth it comes about that you are mixed up with our affairs at all."

"I am quite willing to say that it is curious, sir."

"Curious! I'm willing to say that it's most confoundedly queer! But now, Mr. Dwight, once for all, what is the meaning of the note you sent to me? If you can, as you say, show me that I ought to be a rich man instead of a poor one, that won't do me much good. If you can show me how to turn myself from the one into the other, why, that's another piece of business, and you're a vast deal cleverer than I take you for. Now what does it mean, and what's your game? That's what I want to know."

The words ended in an amazed ejaculation. Guy came forward in a stride, laid his powerful hand upon his brother's arm, and forcibly bore him back a pace.

"Are you out of your senses,' he said in a whisper, and in a tone of bitter reproach, "that you pander to a perjured wretch such as this? Is our mother's good name nothing to you? Are you mad?"

Duke did not resent the words. In his selfish easy way he loved his mother, and her name thus spoken recalled him to himself as nothing else could have done, and recalled too the previous night, and his face was hot with the blood that rushed swiftly to it. He was ashamed of himself and ashamed of his position, and too genuinely and honestly so to think of blunter or defiance to his heart he was glad that his brother had interrupted them—that he had had no chance of listening to another word from Gabriel Dwight. He must have been mad not to fling the creature's letter into the fire and waste no further thought upon it or its writer.

All this he thought in the moment of confounded and ashamed silence, while Guy's strong hand yet grasped his arm. Then it was released, and the elder brother turned to Gabriel Dwight, speaking much as he had spoken on the preceding night, coolly and deliberately, though the passion which he held in curb had made his swarthy face as white as it could grow.

"I warned you last night, Mr. Dwight," he said; "I repeat the warning now, and for the last time. Let me see or hear of you near here again—let me find out that you attempt to hold any communication with any one in my household—and I will have you indicted as a rogue and a vagabond. You won't find the treadmill pleasant—perhaps experience has told you that already; but place yourself at a vast! Now"—he stepped back, with a contemptuous movement of the hand—"now go, and remember that I mean what I say, for your own sake."

"I came here to speak to your brother," Gabriel Dwight said sullenly, standing his ground, although his face was suddenly hot and damp as it had been on the previous night—"not to you, Sir Guy Oldcastle. Perhaps he will say whether he has any more to say to me, or," he added significantly, "if he wishes to hear what I came to say to him."

"No, I don't!" Duke said bluntly. "I'm sorry that I was fool enough to pay any attention to you, and I'm glad that I was prevented from listening to any more of your rubbish. And, as for what my brother has said, Mr. Dwight, if you're wise you'll take his advice and show a clean pair of heels as fast as you can. You had better, you know, for he means what he says, and he does not stand fooling. If he once gets his hands on you, he'll make it hot for you, you may rely on it."

He had drawn a pace nearer to Gabriel Dwight with the last words, and lowered his voice a little. Guy had swung round upon his heel, waiting for his brother to turn and join him. In a second the man's large flaccid hand had fallen upon Duke's shoulder and gripped it tightly.

"You're a fool," he said in his ear—"you don't know what you're doing! I could have ruined him yesterday but that he burnt those papers, curse him or made him glad to purchase them with half of all he had!" He looked at Sir Guy with the malignant look of the preceding night. "You won't listen to me," he said. "Do this then. Ask Mrs. Uglow the housekeeper who Martin Langton was."

Sir Guy swung round again and advanced a pace; Duke shook his arm free and turned towards him. In another moment the brothers were walking away side by side without interchanging a word.

Until the two figures had turned the curve of the lane, and until the very echo of their footsteps has died away, Gabriel Dwight stood as still as they had left him. When he roused himself and moved away at last in the same direction, he did so mechanically, moving only because motion was a degree less intolerable than standing still. He had crossed the stretch of down and walked almost to the very edge of the cliffs before he realized where he was. The heavy languid wash of the water below smote upon his ear, and he turned back with a shudder, feeling that he had almost stepped upon nothing. But for that sound, it wanted but another pace and he would have fallen. Horrible! He drew farther away and walked on, striving to collect his thoughts. He had played a desperate game, and lost it. He had held the winning cards; but they had been wrenched from his hands, and he was beaten. He anathematised the idiocy which made him show to the woman all the weak points which he could bring to bear against her; he anathematised the crass folly which had made him fling down at Sir Guy Oldcastle's feet the cards which had made his dastardly game so sure; he doubly anathematised Sir Guy Oldcastle himself.

He was penniless, desperate, and helpless. He turned as he walked, and, with an inarticulate mutter of rage, shook his clenched hand at the dark mass of the stately Towers. Could he do nothing against them whom yesterday he had seemed to hold the power to destroy? Could he do nothing to blacken the name of the proud woman who had scorned him even while his foot was on her neck—nothing to revenge himself upon the man who had struck him and bidden his servants thrust him from his doors?

No; he was too wise to try it. What could insidious whispers against such a name as theirs avail from such lips as his? But was there no proof to be got—by, or even manufactured? That housekeeper, with her downcast eyes and her soft step, surely she knew some thing? He had felt certain of that on the day of his first visit to Oldcastle Towers. Could she help him? Would she? Had he been a fool again when he drew that rash bow at a venture, and told Martin Madauke Oldcastle to question Mrs. Uglow? Only his baffled rage and venom against the elder brother had made him do it. He had been so lucky all his life, he had played his shameful game so often and won; what imp of mischief was dogging him now that he should fall with the greatest stake he had ever played? He would not be beaten! Again, what could he do?

He had wandered farther than he knew along the edge of the cliff. As he turned once more to look at the frowning mass of the Towers, he was just upon the projection that formed the upper jaw of the huge "Shark's Mouth," the slimy base of which was lapped by the incoming tide—at its highest just then. As he turned and scowled upon the Towers, and raised his impotent hand towards them, a jagged flash of light shot from the black sky, followed by a roar which seemed to reverberate in the hollow beneath his unsteady feet. The storm had burst! The startled man reeled, staggered, slipped, and the wild scream of despair and horror which he uttered as he knew his doom was stifled in his throat as the water caught him and bore him away.

CHAPTER XXX.

A bright morning followed the storm. Lady Adela, putting her head out of one of the windows of her sitting-room before she obeyed the impatient gong and ran down to breakfast, had her pretty sun-burnt cheeks kissed into a pair of blush-roses by the sweet west wind which blew from the tranquil sea—outspread like liquid expanse in the sunlight. The girl drew in her head again with a smile of satisfaction and nodded to old Pinkum, who was still struggling with the difficulties of a final packing up.

"We shall have a lovely day after all, Pinkum! I'm so glad of that, although I hardly dared to expect it after the storm last night. The thunder was simply awful!"

"Ah, then, me lady, sure an' it was like the Judgment Day entirely!" cried Pinkum, casting her eyes up to the ceiling.

"Nonsense, you foolish old thing!" laughed Adela. "What do you know about Judgment Days, pray? But it is a good thing that it is so fine, isn't it—for my last day here, you know." She turned to the glass to arrange her hair, which the wind had ruffled. "We are going for a sail this morning," she ran on, twisting one of the little curls upon her forehead, which was inclined to be rebellious, daintily with the tips of her fingers—"Sir Guy and I, you know—in the Bell Aurore. It may be ever so long before I have another sail in her; perhaps I never shall—who knows?" Her quickly changing face was pensive in a moment, and her voice matched it; then as quickly both were bright again. "As it is the last day, you may have a treat and come too, if you like, Pinkum," she said mischievously, as she opened the door. "Ring the bell as you go downstairs, please."

The breakfast-table would not have been very cheerful but for her bright face. Guy was grave, although eyes less fond and keen than hers would not have detected any additional gravity. Lady Oldcastle was at her palest, statelliest and coldest. Mr. Plumptre, a little in awe of his dignified hostess in spite of his self-importance and pomposity—although he admired her very much, and inwardly designated her as "one of your thoroughbred ones"—and anxious, now that "this piece of business" was satisfactorily disposed of, to get back to where more business awaited him, had very little to say. And Duke sat with downcast, moody face, and hardly spoke at all.

He was miserable—in a state of wretched indecision, doubt, perplexity, haunted by the last words of Gabriel Dwight, struggling with a reluctant shame which prompted him to banish all thoughts of the man and his sidelong hints; but he was not strong enough not resolute enough to do so. The thought returned persistently, taunting him, urging him, goading him. He looked furtively at his mother, sitting in the stateliness of her matronly beauty in the place she adorned so well, and from her to the grave dark face of his elder brother.

What was this secret? Had she told Guy, who was sitting there with that quietly inscrutable look? Whom did it threaten? What was it? What more would he have heard last night but for that interruption? And lastly, ceaselessly and always, came the question to himself which he was too weak to thrust away from him—should he ask Mrs. Uglow the housekeeper who Martin Langton was?

The meal came to an end at last. Lady Oldcastle arose and left the room; Mr. Plumptre gathered up his letters and went off to the library to answer them—and to go to sleep perhaps. Adela, rather guiltily evading Angel, who was bouncing a huge ball in one of the side passages leading from the hall, went into the morning-room and stood by its glass doors, open to the flower garden beneath the terrace, waiting until Guy should finish the letter or two which had demanded an immediate answer, and they could go down to the shore together for their sail in the Belle Aurore.

The girl's sweet face, with an unconscious smile of happiness curving the red lips, was a pleasant sight to see as she stood in her closely-fitting blue serge boating-dress holding her dainty sailor hat, all ready to put on as soon as Guy should appear. They would not waste a moment of their last morning at the Towers, she thought. Sugbrooke was not half so nice. There was a step outside upon the gravel, and she leaned eagerly forward. Was Guy coming that way? And how quick he had been! No; it was only Duke, walking slowly with his head down, taking the broad path which led towards the stables. Adela leaned against the dark panelling which made such a charming background for her pretty head, and began, as she waited, to sing softly to herself.

When he reached the quadrangle upon which the barred windows of still rooms and pantries looked, Duke slackened his passage in uneasy frown upon his moody face. Should he go on? Should he turn back? Once he did start round and walked a few paces towards the house, but came, but loitered, lingered, and turned again. He could not keep his eyes from the one window which was so different from the rest, with its snowy curtains and its stand of brilliant flowers. No; it was of no use; he knew well that the haunting curiosity of which he was himself ashamed would not let him be easy, the resistance which was all that he could bring to bear against it. He muttered an ugly word to himself in the midst of wretched doubt and indecision, and paced to and fro again irresolutely.

Who was Martin Langton? Hang it, that question recurred to him so persistently that he would go mad unless he could have it answered! Who was the man? Better get it over, he thought. He turned and crossed the quadrangle to the window of Mrs. Uglow's sitting-room.

The housekeeper sat within it at her round table, her head with its snowy cap and snowier hair bent over a neat ruled account book, a pen poised in her long white hand. She looked up as the young man's shadow darkened the sunny window, and, in spite of the sudden brightening of her face as her eyes fell upon her foster-son, Duke could not restrain an exclamation of surprise at the change in her.

He had not seen her face to face since that evening when he had sauntered across the quadrangle, and, half in jest, half in earnest, in his mingled indolence and chagrin, had leaned against her window-sash and talked to her, telling her of his impending departure from Oldcastle Towers. Each day might have been a year from the alteration in her face. In spite of her white hair, she had always been remarkable for an air of alertness, freshness, and vigor singularly suggestive of youth, an air which was matched by her bright eyes and her lithe nimble movements. It was gone now. Her cheeks were hollow, her black eyes sunken and lustreless, her lips parched and pale; her movement, as she rose from her chair, was that of very old decrepit woman, it was so uncertain, weak, and wavering.

Duke came on into the room, fixing his gloomy eyes upon her, wondering how he should frame the question which he was resolved to ask. If anything had been needed to strengthen his reluctant determination, he would have found it in this change in her. The passionate affection and devotion of her look he was used to, but not its trembling fear and avoidance. Why should the woman fear him and tremble before him like a criminal detected? Did she guess that he had come to ask who Martin Langton was?

"What is it?" he said in a hard tone. "What are you afraid of?"

"You—you startled me a little, Mr. Duke!" faltered the housekeeper. Her pen fell from her shaking hand to the floor. "I did not expect to see you, sir—that's all."

"I have come in this way too a good many times without startling you," Duke said curtly, looking at her still, observing despitefully how she shrank and looked away. "That has not made you look as you do, at any rate," he went on. "No one would think you had been ill since I was here last. What's the matter?"

"It's nothing, Mr. Duke—indeed it's nothing!" The housekeeper seemed to make a desperate effort to rally her courage and look as composed as usual. She stooped and picked up the pen, and tried with her uncertain hands to pile neatly together the books upon the table. "It's nothing, sir—indeed it's nothing!" she repeated hurriedly. Then her shifting eyes returned uneasily to his face, noted its pallor and sternness, and a deeper whiteness settled upon her own. "You don't look as you should, my dear," she said, with a timid movement of affection towards him. "I—I don't like to see you look like that. Are you ill?"

"Yes," said Duke abruptly—"that's it; I'm well enough, but I'm worried, Mrs. Uglow—frightfully worried! Look here, I've come to ask you a question, and I know—mind, I know—that you can answer it if you like. I ask it, if I was not aware of that, I should let it alone as far as you are concerned. But I do know it, and so I'm going to ask it."

"Mr. Duke," panted the housekeeper, her lips blanching, "what—what—" Her voice died away as she stood with her dilated black eyes fixed upon his face.

"What is it?" he said coolly and deliberately. "You know before I ask, I see. This is what it is. Who was the man called Martin Langton?"

(To be Continued.)

Dream Roses.

Last night I dreamed of a garden fair,
And as far, as far as the eye could see
Grew roses, so white, so pure and rare,
My tainted feet seemed sinning there,
Sinning and shaming me.

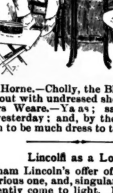
In rippling waves of silvery sheen
The moonlight fell through a broken cloud;
The night wind hovered about the scene
And kissed the roses above and between,
So oft as their pride allowed.

One spot there was that enchanted seemed,
In ecstasy near a nightingale sung,
Less I fully there the moonlight gleamed,
And bliss transcending all, I dreamed
My love slept the roses among.

Her fluttering robe caught the fragrant air,
And mingled it with her breath,
Her snow-white arms wreathed her golden hair,
The red of her lips touched her shoulder bare.
The silence was like death.

Oh, love of mine! I cried and flung
Myself beside her in one kiss.
She woke! The night-birds madly sung,
And all the roseburs to roses sprung.
The world was steeped in bliss.

Over the Creme de Menthe.



Buck Horne.—Cholly, the Blueblood girl has broken out wit undressed shawn.

Bokers Weare.—Yaas; saw them on the beach yesterday; and, by the way, there didn't seem to be much dress to the stockings.

Lincoln as a Lover.

Abraham Lincoln's offer of marriage was a very curious one, and, singularly enough, it has but recently come to light. Numerous as his biographers have been, and closely as they have sifted for new facts and materials, it was left for the latest one, Mr. Jesse Weik of Greencastle, to discover this unique and characteristic production of Mr. Lincoln's almost untutored mind. The letter is one of several written, presumably, to the lady he afterward married. Addressed to "My dear Mary," it reads as follows:

"You must know that I cannot see you or think of you with entire indifference; and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew you were not, I should not trouble you with them. Perhaps you rather man would know enough without further information; but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance of your business and duty to allow the plea. I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time, more than anything else, to do right with you, and I know it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone. I would do this snowy night for the express purpose of making the matter as plain as possible. I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts—if you have had any—from your mind, and leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And I will even go further, and say that if it will add anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance shall depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable; nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I think I cannot be misunderstood; and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think, just in the manner you think it. Your friend, LINCOLN."

Probably this is the quietest love letter on record, and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without a word of love and a proposal of marriage that does not propose.

Jealous of his Fame.

An aspiring young Englishman, who had written yards of verses for the paper published in his native town, at first used his initials, W. E. G. for a signature. Later, however, he omitted the middle letter, and a friend asked him the reason.

"Can't you guess?" said the young poetaster. "Well, it may seem selfish, but I do want the credit of my own work."

"Why should you think it?"

The young man looked sympathetically at his stupid friend.

"My dear fellow," said he, "can't you see how it is? If I use only two of my initials, people will soon associate them with my name; but if I write W. E. G. the ex-Premier will get all the credit that belongs to me!"

A Load Off His Mind.

He—Will you become my wife?
She—Never!
He—Splendid!—Splendid! I'm glad to know that. We will keep right on taking buggy rides together. You don't know how relieved I feel to hear you talk that way.

Pride.

Wife—It may be all very well for rich men to drink, because they can afford to spend money that way; but you know you can't. You haven't a penny to spare.

Husband—I (hic) know it, m'dear, but musht keep up appearances, you know, m'dear.

Before and After.

Evening Caller—I have been wondering who those companion frames certain to come, a beautiful young girl, the other a wrinkled, sad-faced old woman.

Pretty Hostess—Oh, that's ma, before and after marriage.

Vocabulary of Oaths.

Infidel—S'help me Bob.
Vassar Girl—By gum.
Musician—Fiddlesticks.
Tailor—Odds Bodkins.
Labor Agitator—By Gosh.

Filled the Bill.

Flashman (about to invest in some summer ties)—Show me something handsome, delicate and durable.

Saleslady—What's the matter with me?

A Tall Student in the Vegetarian School.

Mrs. Manhattan—Your son is in college, I believe?

Mrs. Pickletongue (of Chicago)—Yes; he's been there a year now and he has been promoted to the sycamore class.

Poverty and Wealth.

Miss De Pretty—I was out riding to-day with Mr. Dollbrellhead, the editor of the Hightone Magazine.

Poor Author (rival suitor—Did he pay for the rig in postage stamps?

An Anchor to Windward.

Agnes—What is troubling you so, love?

George—I was thinking if you declined me when I proposed to night, whether I should accept that heiress who is so anxious to marry me.

Agnes—Why, George, you know I love you.

Educational Item.

Parent (visiting his son at college)—Tell me in how many bar-rooms do you owe bills?

Hopeful son—I owe money for drinks in the Gentle Dreaming saloon, the Sample Room, the Iron Front saloon and the Tom and Jerry.

"Hold up, now. Tell me, is there any one in which you don't owe money?"

"Not that I know of."

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy I know of for diseases of the Throat and Lungs. It cured me of incipient Consumption, forty years ago.—S. R. Lucas, Schuylerville, N. Y.

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I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and received great benefit from it. I consider it an excellent medicine for the diseases it is designed to cure.—Rufus A. Tremain, Guysborough, N. H.

One bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. It cured me of acute Bronchitis when other remedies failed.—George B. Hunter, Altoona, Pa.

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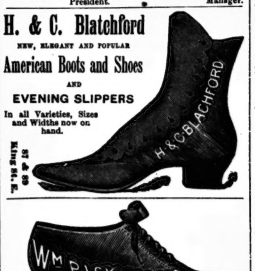

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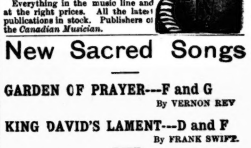

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"Why, my dear child, what is three thousand dollars a year? It wouldn't more than pay for your breakfasts and lunches. The engagement is out of the question."
"Well, I'm sure, mother, that is enough. I never care for more than two meals a day, and if we are particularly hungry we can dine with our friends."

To the Woods.

H! I stole a march on you last week, girls! and had a delightful little trip. Though I went such a short distance north there seemed quite a difference in the vegetation, I felt as though I had been dreaming it was July and waking found it June.

How I wish it were possible for me to give you an idea of the loveliness of a spot in the depth of the woods to which we penetrated one day. But not even a poet's pen, I think, could do that—the painter's art alone could give some faint image of its still and radiant beauty.

Not a cloud was in the sky; not a breath of wind stirred the air so clear, cool and sweet that it seemed a very elixir of life.

Along the wayside ran a little stream whose banks were decked by great marsh ferns, sedges and grapes, from which popped out the little blue-eyed brooklime, or stood boldly up the vervein's dark purple flowers.

The wild grape hung its festoons between tree and tree in such dense masses as almost to screen from sight the forest aisles beyond, but when we lifted the curtain and peeped under the great beeches and

"Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,
And bowers of fragrant sassafras,"

What a wealth of beauty lay before us. The golden light that filtered down through the thick foliage showed the earth carpeted with flowers. The woodruff's viney tangle of delicate light-green whorls grew all about, dividing the open spaces with the partridge berry's dainty vine of wonderfully veined and variegated leaves—whose scale of color runs from lightest emerald to darkest myrtle—all starred with small white blossoms, which, at first glance, looked almost like those of the trailing arbutus. The deep yellow blossoms of the milkwort shone brightly out; and the frail and fragrant shin-leaf, "making earth odorous with its breath," so long vanished from our more southern woods, was blooming freely there. The delicate many-shaded yellow flowers of the false honeysuckle looked down on the snowy blossoms of the slender and seemingly endless vine of a species of strawberry that crept everywhere, even twining and knotting round the great tree trunks, or sometimes springing spontaneously from clefts in their bark several feet from the ground.

FHIS LEAF.

There was a variety and wild luxuriance of ferns I have rarely seen equalled. Two kinds of maiden-hair displayed their slender grace only a few yards apart. The lovely little beech fern was overshadowed by gigantic bracken four feet high, whose wide stretching arms measured fully thirty inches from tip to tip; the sensitive shield, New York and lace ferns—all monsters of their kind—grew side by side, and an exquisite tiny frond, which I there saw for the first time, sought to hide with its love-

BEECH FERN.

liness the unsightly blackened base of an old burned stump.

There, too, for the first time in many a year, I listened to the delicious trilling of that wild woodlander, whose shy, retiring ways have earned for him the name of hermit thrush So long was it since I had heard his song, I fancied I had either quite forgotten it, or had failed to distinguish between it and that of his brother the wood thrush, who, in the opinion of many, disputes with him the palm. But at the first burst of that silvery, rippling melody, I knew the voice of him who, to my mind, stands easily first among our forest singers. It is not its rarity alone which gives his notes such charm. Stealing softly down from leafy heights, while the wood is hushed to silence, there is some hint of passionate melancholy in its cadence that finds an echo in the heart, and lends his long entrancing sweetness.

But in the very heart of the woods was the glowing spot to describe whose loveliness would tax the poet's skill, so how can I hope to give you any faintest idea of its beauty!

Fancy peeping suddenly from the soft gloom under great trees, through a tangled screen of underwood and vines, out on a broad sunlit space, so densly overgrown with flowers and flowering shrubs and ferns that not a glimpse of earth was visible. The light poured down on what seemed at first glance one wide stretching mass of lovely creamy flowers, for, so profusely were the elder bushes covered with blossoms from lowest to highest branch, that their graceful leafage was scarcely visible. Great plumy tufts of the ostrich-feather fern, three, sometimes even four feet high, dotted the foamy whiteness, and from the over-hanging branches of the surrounding trees hung down lovely tapering trails of the native or wild Virginia creeper. Here and there a few cone-flowers lifted up their brown hearted orange discs, and a profusion of tall raspberry bushes, their slender arching stems all gemmed with light green leaves and ruby colored fruit against the cream white blossoms. And higher than all except the topmost branches of the elder bushes, sometimes singly, sometimes in group of three or four, the gay feather reared its spikes of beautiful lilac-purple flowers about which beat

GAY FEATHER.

"The tiger-moths' deep damasked wings."

Picture it; the purple and orange, the crimson and white and green; the perfumed air where

"Silver winged and tawny bodied wild bees flew
Flowers over, thickets through and through,"

the glow of the sunshine; the dark stillness of the woods around; and over all the cloudless blue of the sky.

Was not it well worth going a hundred miles to see? Such scenes as these have more than an evanescent charm. For those who really love them, they are perennial in their beauty. Seemingly forgotten, they are really up-treasured in our memories, and some day when weary and disheartened, or amid distasteful or sad surroundings, they, like Wordsworth's "host of daffodils,"

"Flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,"

and prove the truth another poet teaches:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

D. B.

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

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A Modern Maud Muller.

A story comes to the clubs from a summer resort about a wealthy but not over beautiful girl who has been receiving marked attentions from a very handsome young Englishman of excellent family, to such a degree that her friends have taken it for granted that the two were soon to start together down the lane of roses and thorns, with clasped hands and trusting hearts. One day these lovers rode together out to the estate of a gentleman farmer who was a friend of the young woman's family. As they were galloping along the road toward the house they saw a girl coming across the meadow.

"Oh, there's Maggie with a milk pail, and I'm so thirsty I'm going to wait for her to come up, and then ask her for a drink."

This was said by the young lady, and as she spoke she drew up her horse, her companion following suit. Maggie came up to where they were and said a timid good morning. With her brown hair straggling down over her young shoulders, her large blue eyes, delicate brown face and neck, and tall, slim figure, she presented a picture of striking beauty as she stood there assuring the young lady on the horse that she was quite welcome to all the milk she could drink. And turning her eyes upon the handsome young Englishman, she said:

"And you, sir, too, can also——"

But she became confused at that point, and blushed furiously under the gaze of the captivating gentleman on the horse. The lovers rode away, leaving Maggie looking after them in the center of the road.

"Who is that?" asked the young man of his companion. "One of the farm hands?"

"Oh, no indeed," was the reply. "That is Margaret, Mr. B——'s youngest daughter. Pretty little thing, isn't she? Lives here the year round, and is as simple as a wood violet. Milks cows, darns stockings, and rakes hay. She's very different from the other girls, who all spend their winters in New York. But she's only sixteen. She'll have a taste of the city in a year or so more, and then I guess she'll stop milking cows."

This a l occurred a month ago. The engagement of the young Englishman was announced this week. But he is not to marry the wealthy girl who wanted him so much. He won Maggie and her father in just three weeks, and it is declared that a more beautiful pair of lovers never graced a hotel parlor than this milkmaid and her sturdy young sweetheart.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Pulling Not Pilfering.

Farmer—Here, young scamp, what are you stealing my corn for?

Young Forager—I ain't; I'm only pullin' its ears.

A Sea Change.

Unda Towe (thoughtfully)—What changes a few years make, don't they, Mama!
Mrs. Towe (reflectively)—Yes, indeed, my dear! Five years ago, if I had asked you to go to school in a dress as short as that you would have cried your eyes out!—*Puck.*

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Births.

FENSON—On July 23, at Toronto, Mrs. John Fenson, jr.—a daughter.
VICK—On July 21st, at Owen Sound, Mrs J. P. Vick—a daughter.
ANDERSON—On July 17, at Toronto, Mrs. A. Anderson—a daughter.
SAUNDERS—On July 14, at Toronto, Mrs. B. Saunders, jr.—a son.
WALKER—On July 17, at Toronto, Mrs. B. E. Walker—a daughter.
PARSONS—On July 22, at Toronto, Mrs. Arthur R. Parsons—a daughter.
BARWICK—On July 21, at Toronto, Mrs. Walter Barwick—a son.
CLARKE—On July 21, at Toronto, Mrs. W. F. Clarke—a son.
CLARK—On July 14, at Portland, Oregon, Mrs. George Clark—a son, still born.
GLENDON—On July 13, at Toronto, Mrs. M. W. Glendon—a daughter.
EDMANSON—On July 24, at Bradford, Mrs. T. Edmanson—twin girls.
SNELGROVE—On July 19, at Cobourg, Mrs. H. J. Snelgrove—a daughter.
HUNT—On July 21, at St. George, Ont., Mrs. A. E. Hunt—a daughter.
CLANCEY—On July 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Ed. Clancey—a daughter.
YOUNG—On July 21, at Toronto, Mrs. Ed. T. Young—a son.
GWYN—On July 20, at Palmerston, Mrs. Cyril Gwyn—a son.
BUSH—On July 22, at Toronto, Mrs. H. W. Bush—a son.
CAMERON—On July 24, at Wiarton, Mrs. J. K. Cameron—a daughter.
LYNCH—On July 20, at Sunderland, Mrs. F. J. Lynch—a son.
SPLAN—On July 21, at Toronto, Mrs. Thomas Splan—a daughter.
THOMPSON—On July 19, at Toronto, Mrs. E. A. Thompson—a daughter.
TURNER—On July 20, at Toronto, Mrs. A. Henry Taylor—a daughter.
WATSON—On July 20, at Wellington, Mrs. G. R. Watson—a daughter.
DELAPORTE—At Toronto, Mrs. Alex. Delaporte—a son.
LE MESURIER—On June 18, at Darjeeling, Bengal, India, Mrs. G. G. Le Mesurier—a son.

Marriages.

WILSON—FISHER—On July 17, at Sunny Home, Cookstown, by the Rev. W. F. Wilson, brother of the groom, assisted by Rev. Mr. Harris, Dr. R. G. Wilson of North Toronto to Lottie, youngest daughter of George Fisher of Cookstown.
BLAKE—LAW—On July 16, at Murray Bay, William Hume Blake of Toronto to Alice Jean Law of Montreal.
BROWN—McLAUGHLIN—On July 17, at Toronto, Neil Brown to Eliza McLaughlin of Greenock, Scotland.
CROFT—FORSTER—On July 16, at Creemore, Ont., Rev. Otho Croft of Streetsville to Lucy Allan Forster.
COCKBURN—HALL—On July 17, at Toronto, John Cockburn of Kingston to Winnie Hall of Parkdale.
RAE—BULLOCH—On July 16, at Toronto, John Rae to Mary Bulloch of Row, Scotland.
STRANGE—FORD—On July 7, at Montreal, John Strange of Kingston to Alison Russell Ford of Burford, Ont.
TROTTER—ABBOTT—On July 17, at Toronto, Robert Trotter to Mary Abbott.
SCULL—BARBER—On July 17, at Brockton, Wm. Scull of Toronto to Lizzie Barber of Bradford.
LOCKE—SCOTT—On July 16, at Toronto, William Locke of Cleveland, Ohio, to Emma J. Scott of Whitechurch, Ont.
TRENCH—TRENCH—On July 23, at Richmond Hill, Wilt D. Atkinson to Frank Trench.
SMITH—HARE—On July 23, at Oshawa, William Allison Smith of Port Perry to Kate Hare of Oshawa.
MACMECHAN—CROWAN—On July 23, at Gananoque, Archibald MacMechan, Ph.D., to Edith May Cowan.
MACNAB—FRASER—On July 22, 1889, at Toronto, Clarence Leroy Macnab to Mossie C. Fraser, both of Orillia.
BISHOP—MOORE—On July 23, at Uxbridge, Rev. Geo. J. Bishop of Toronto to Florence Moore.
DAVIDSON—BUNTON—On July 24, at Burlington, William Davidson to Marion Bastedo Bunton.
SINCLAIR—WILLIS—On July 24, at Cobourg, Alexander Sinclair of Guelph to Ida Louise Willis.

Deaths.

FORD—On July 16, at San Diego, Cal., James Ford of Parkdale, aged 23 years.
McINTYRE—On July 18, at St. Catharines, Thomas McIntyre, aged 79 years.
TODD—On July 18, at West Toronto Junction, James Todd, aged 83 years.
WEBBER—On July 19, at Grimsby, Ont., Mrs. Eliza Webber.
CLARK—On July 15, at Portland, Oregon, Mrs. Geo. Clark.
McINTYRE—On July 15, at Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Margaret R. McIntyre.
ROBERTSON—On July 20, at Crosshill, Hatley, P.Q., Canada, Mrs. Thos. Robertson.
NELLES—On July 24, at Simcoe, Mrs. Mary Hardy Nelles, aged 92 years.
SWORD—On July 24, at Toronto, Robt. Sword.
BRAISANT—On July 24, at Toronto, William Edwin Braisant, aged 74 years.
RICHARDS—On July 21, at Toronto, Alice May Richards, aged 13 months.
MITCHELL—On July 18, at Toronto, Irene Kerr Mitchell, aged 3 months.
THOMPSON—On July 21, at Toronto, Andrew Thompson, aged 31 years.
WEBB—On July 22, at Colborne, George W. Webb, aged 61 years.
COLWELL—On July 22, at Toronto, Frederick Harold Colwell.
DYE—On July 21, at Toronto, William Dye, aged 57 years.
LEAN—On July 21, at Toronto, Reginald Stanley, infant son of Edward and Eleanor Lean.
DUNN—On July 22, at Toronto, John James Dunn, aged 8 years.
RATCLIFFE—On July 23, at Toronto, Fanny Ratcliffe, aged 48 years.
HUSTON—On July 22, at Stratford, Mrs. J. S. Huston.
MILLER—On July 23, at Toronto, Mrs. Robert Miller, aged 28 years.
DENIGRD—On July 20, at Baden, Ont., Mrs. Mary Ann Denigrd, aged 66 years.
WILSON—On July 23, at Toronto, Alexander Wilson, aged 74 years.

J. F. THOMSON. GEORGE DUNSTAN.

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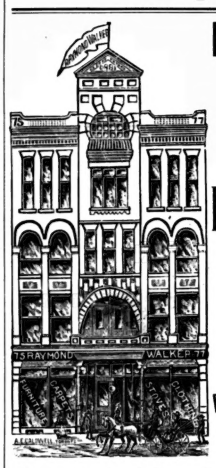

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